

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## QUITE ALONE.

BOOK THE SECOND: WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XL. A DEAD AND GONE FESTIVAL.

WHEN poor little Lily reached the foot of the common staircase, she found nobody there but the portress, who was engaged in a more or less amicable discussion with the Auvergnat in a blouse, who, with the assistance of a donkey, a cart, and several cans, was in the habit of bringing round the milk to that particular street. She had just informed the Auvergnat that he was a *fichue bête*; to which he had responded, that she the portress was a *vieille sorcière*, who was born in the time of Pharamond, and had not invented gunpowder. Thereupon Madame la Concierge was about making an assault upon the uncivil milkseller with her broom; but at this conjuncture the postman fortunately entered the lodge with the early batch of letters, and for ten minutes or so the portress had quite enough to do in examining the superscriptions, peeping between the interstices of the envelopes, and smelling the seals of the missives brought by the Mercury of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Pouah! comme ça pue le musc," she said, nosing one delicate-looking billet. "Pink paper, too, satiné! Allons donc! And a hand like a spider out for a promenade, and all that for the soi-disant vicomte, who has his varnished boots mended, and owes two terms to our proprietor. Ah, ah, my brave, if you don't have warning before another month is over your head, my name is not Cornélie Desgracq. Il pleuvra des congés dans cette maison. Why, how now, ma petite; whither are you bound so early?"

This was to Lily, who had timidly asked for the cordon.

"I am going for a walk—I am going to take a bath."

Lily faltered. It is certain that nobody yet ever did anything wrong in this world without having to tell one or more falsehoods to commence with. The embryo murderer has to tell a lie about the pistol or dagger, the would-be suicide about the poison he purchases. The ways down which the bad ship Wickedness slides to a shoreless ocean must be greased with lies. Lily's criminality was of no very deep dye; yet you see she had been unable to stir a pace in her expedition without telling a fib.

"There you are, then," said the portress, pulling the desired checkstring. "Go thy ways, and a bright good morning to thee. I like that petite *ma'amselle*," she continued, musing as the girl slipped through the portal; "she gives herself no airs, and, all things considered, is not far from being pretty. Cela a un petit air de rien du tout, qui n'est pas mal. Going to have a bath, was she? Well, it's hot enough. I wouldn't mind one myself if that pot-au-feu did not demand my attention." Good old portress! Since twenty years had she been pre-occupied by that same pot-au-feu, perpetually simmering. "Mais dites moi donc un peu, what on earth makes all the girls in our time so very anxious to take baths? Does that scélérat Cupidon keep the baths of La Samaritaine, I should like to know? When I was a girl, we were not so fond of bathing."

And Madame la Concierge, having concluded her examination of the postal delivery, proceeded to skim her pot-au-feu.

Lily went out into the great desert: to her, quite trackless, and barren of oases. She had cast her skin, as it were. She had done with her old friends, her old habits, the old-new name with which they had invested her. She was now only Lily, and Quite Alone.

Still, though she was solitary among a crowd of thousands, and could not hope, between sunrise and sundown, to light upon one friendly human face she knew; though she was at sea, in a frail cockboat, without mast or rudder or pilot in a howling ocean, stretching she knew not whither; though she had scarcely the means of obtaining that night's shelter, or to-morrow's bread, Lily was on business. She was pre-occupied. She had affairs of moment to attend to. There never was, I conceive, any one so idle, short of an idiot, who, if he chose to ask himself the question, could not remember that he had something to do. Lily was quite overburdened with business. She had to get to England: God alone knew how. She was to do something there to earn her living: God alone knew what. Oh! she was a fully-engaged and absorbed young person; but, first of all, there was that locket to be sold. Inexperienced in the ways of the world as she was, she dared not flatter herself that nineteen francs seventeen centimes would take her to London. London! she had scarcely pronounced that word as yet; but it was fully settled in her minor consciousness that

she was going to London. Not a Turk in Asia Minor wakes up from his pipe-trance and thinks he should like a tour in Frangistan; not a Lascar coolie ships on board a homeward-bound Indiaman; not a long-tailed vagabond of Shanghai lays in a stock of rice and dried ducks for a voyage across the main; not a Genoese beggar-boy is sold by his padrone to grind the organ to the English heretics, but knows, although he may scarcely have mastered the words to say it, that he shall see London.

The locket! The locket! Lily knew that she was about to do a naughty thing, and, desperately as her mind was made up for the deed, she tried to stave off the evil moment of commission for yet a little time longer. Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy, set him to play with his children half an hour before he slew him. He, too, had made up his mind; but he luxuriated in deferring the thing for thirty minutes. We like to put the consummation of our villany off. A convict in a penitentiary told me once, that he counted seven hundred and fifty, neither more nor less, before he took pen in hand to commit the forgery which sent him to penal servitude for twenty years. I knew a man who repaired to an appointment from which his conscience told him sin would follow. As he was bidding tryst, a flash of remorse came over him, and, turning a piece of money in his pocket, he vowed that if, when he drew it out, head should be uppermost, he would abandon his intent, and go away before the victim came. He drew forth the money, and head was uppermost;—whereupon the man broke his vow and kept his tryst to the bitter end. The flash of remorse had died away.

So, while Lily knew well that the locket must be sold, her poor little trembling spirit was casting about on every side for a respite, were it even of the briefest, from the inevitable act. She must be quick about it. She knew that; for discovery and pursuit, although not probable, were just barely possible. But oh! for another minute, another half-hour, before she would be forced to confess her unworthiness in her own eyes. Fortunately, the bright morning air reminded her that she was hungry; and she remembered that she had had no breakfast. Where was such a meal to be obtained? She had walked as yet up one street and down another, not purposeless, but irresolute, and still staving off the evil time. She saw plenty of cafés around her: splendid cafés, all gilding and plate-glass; second-rate cafés; tenth-rate cafés, smelling of smoke, dirty, and generally ill favoured. The large men with beards who were visible in most of these cafés as she peeped through the glazed doors frightened Lily. There was one specially alarming creature in a fluffy white hat, a great glass screwed into one eye, a twisted chin-tuft like a colossal comma: who, with his hands stuck in the pockets of a pair of tartan trousers so wide at the waist and so narrow at the ankles that they looked like two jars of Scotch snuff, was standing, smoking, on the steps of a coffee-house in

the Rue Montmartre. He greeted Lily with a hideous leer as she passed him, sticking his arms akimbo, and humming something about "La Faridondaine." She blushed and quivered as she hurried away. Oh! she must make haste to get to England. A vague intuition told her that Paris was a very wicked place, and that she was but a lamb in the midst of five hundred thousand wolves.

She saw at last a humble little shop in whose windows were displayed two large bowls full of milk, with a sky-blue basis and a yellow scum on the surface; sundry eggs; a bouquet of faded flowers; a siphon of eau de Seltz; a flap of raw meat with a causeway of bone running through it; several huge white coffee-cups and saucers; and the *Siccle* newspaper of the week before last. From sundry little blue bannerols bearing inscriptions in white letters, Lily learnt that this was a *Crêmerie*; that its sign was *Au bon Marché*; that *bifteks*, *bouillon*, coffee, and chocolate were to be had there at all hours, and that meals were even *portés en ville*—carried to the patrons of the establishment at their own residences. Furthermore, there was a tariff of prices which assured Lily as to the capacity of her purse to endure the charges of such a very modest little breakfast as she needed.

She entered the Cheap Creamery, and making known her wants to a brawny Norman wench with big gold earrings, who had a hoarse voice, the possession of which a corporal in the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* would not have disdained, and who, when she was called, did not answer "Voilà!" after the fashion of waiters generally, but thundered forth, "*Vous y êtes!*" Murmuring her brief commands to this formidable servitor, Lily was presently supplied with a big white bowl full of chocolate, and a large piece of bread, the which (the whole costing but eight sous) made no very serious inroad on her stock of ready money.

The place was full of working people; the men, in blouses; the women and girls, in neat white caps or kerchiefs tied round their heads, who were as kindly and courteous in their demeanour as, in the course of many years' wandering up and down the earth, I have generally found working people to be:—in every country save one. That one is not England; but they speak the English language in that one. Lily's opposite neighbours passed the bonjour to her, and helped her to the milk and the sugar without her having to ask for those articles; and one comely little grissette even offered her a share of the poached eggs she had ordered. A gentleman who sat opposite to her, who apparently belonged to the baking trade—who wore a monstrous-brimmed felt hat like an umbrella of which the handle had impaled him and the cupola flattened on his head, and who was powdered from head to foot with flour profusely, but was beautifully clean to look at—reached over to Lily when he had finished his repast, and handed her a copy of that day's *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

"It does not belong to the establishment, ma-

demoiselle," he said. "Their newspapers here are as stale as their bread. You can keep it as long as you like, and give it to the poor when you have done with it. For, if the *Gazette des Tribunaux* doesn't concern the poor, I don't know what does. I have the honour, mademoiselle, to wish you a very good morning."

With which mild witticism the baker bowed, touched the brim of the monstrous hat—he could not for the life of him get it off—and took his departure. He repaired to an adjacent *salon de toilette*, to be shaved, and, if he could only have got that hat off, he would probably, it being a *jour de fête*, have had his hair curled.

Lily was not frightened at the baker, although he was at least two inches taller than the man in the fluffy white hat who had leered at her in the *Rue Montmartre*. She was too sick at heart to smile when he offered her the paper; but she murmured out her thanks, and, persuading herself that it was still very early, and, eager to stave off her business yet for a few minutes longer, she began to read the *Gazette des Tribunaux*.

She had never set eyes on that famous journal before, and its contents, at first, absolutely horrified her. How wicked everybody in Paris must be to be sure! The eight pages of ill-printed matter were crimson with crimes. One-half of the world seemed to be prisoners; and the other half, judges, gendarmes, and executioners. Here was a viscount in the *Charente-Inférieure* who had poisoned his mother-in-law. A soldier in the garrison of Oran had struck his commanding officer, and was to be shot by sentence of court-martial. Dreadful *vol avec effraction* in the *Avenue de Bondy*! Sad case of juvenile depravity at *Valery-sur-Somme*! Awful conflagration at *Brives-la-Gaillarde*! Murder of three children by their mother at *Noisy-le-See*! An infant devoured by a wolf at *Vitry-le-Français*! Six men drowned at *Meaux-en-Brie*! An old gentleman aged eighty run over on the *Boulevard Beaumarchais*, and killed on the spot! Inundations, ravages of small-pox, poisonings of whole families through eating ragout of mutton with mushrooms, steam-boat explosions, breaking down of suspension-bridges, all over the country! The news from abroad seemed as terrific as the domestic intelligence. They were hanging right and left in England. Everybody in Russia, who had not had the knout, appeared to be on his way to Siberia. The sufferings of the Poles were fearful. The garotte was as busy as a bee in Spain; a new guillotine had just been imported to the island of Sardinia; three Chinese mandarins, and wearers of the blue button, had been chopped into ten thousand pieces by order of the Emperor of China, while their wives had been glued between two-inch boards, and sawed in halves, longitudinally. Lily did not know that, when the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* was short of foreign intelligence, he invented, or served up afresh so much of old news as would suit his purpose, or the somewhat blasé appetite of his readers.

She was about laying down the sheet over which, in mingled horror and uneasy curiosity she had spent some twenty minutes, when a paragraph at the foot of the *Chronique*, or collection of minor Parisian notes, caught her eye. It ran thus:

"UN ANGLAIS À LA MORGUE. The identity of the body found days since in the *Filet de St. Cloud*, and in due course transferred to the Morgue, has been established. Affirmation has been made before the commissary of police of the section of the *Hôtel-Dieu*, by the *Sieur Jean Baptiste Constant*, native of *Berne (Suisse)*, proprietor, domiciled at Paris, that the corpse is that of *Sir Francis Blunt, Esquire, gentilhomme Anglais*, to whose person he was formerly attached in the capacity of *valet-de-chambre*. This statement has been confirmed by the evidence of the *Sieur Rataplan, restaurateur*, of the quarter of the *Madeleine*; and papers found in the vestments of the defunct place the truth of their story beyond a doubt. What could have led *Sir Blunt* to this desperate act—a deliberate suicide being inferred by the authorities—is uncertain; but it appears that he was known as a constant frequenter of the *Salons Frascati*, and losses at the gaming-table may have been the primary cause of this sad catastrophe (*triste événement*). *Milord Blunt* had formerly been rich to millions, but of late had become much reduced in circumstances. With touching solicitude *M. Jean Baptiste Constant* has charged himself with the interment of the remains (*dépouilles mortelles*) of this unfortunate son of *Albion*."

Lily read this paragraph through, read it again and again, and fell into a dream. The names recorded were unfamiliar to her. She knew nothing of proprietors who were natives of *Berne* in Switzerland and were domiciled at Paris, of restaurateurs who lived in the quarter of the *Madeleine*. *Sir Francis Blunt*, with that thundering addition of "esquire," who was he? And yet—*Jean Baptiste Constant, Rataplan, Blunt, —Rataplan, Blunt, Constant*—had she or had she not ever heard those names before? She passed all the simple and sorry incidents in her life in review before her. She strove to remember every place where she had been, every one whom she had known—there were the *Bunnycastles*: the three sisters, the old lady, with her sentimental wool-gathering talk, the servants, the discreet apothecary, her prattling, ever complaining schoolmates. Then up came a vision of a gentleman in a cloak, who had spoken to her lazily, but sharply; and a vision of another gentleman, with a glossy black whisker on his cheek, who had held her in his arms, not unkindly. Again started up the image of the fierce and imperious lady, with her temper, her stampings, her frettings, and her scoldings. To her succeeded *Cutwig and Co.*, the cheery foreman, the demure *Miss Eldred*, the large-mouthed clerk who grinned and ate apples. Was it at the *Greenwich* dinner she had heard the name of *Blunt*, or on board the steamer, when the gentleman with the heavy whiskers

and the gold-laced cap had given her chocolate? Was the sickly gentleman in the carriage on deck, named Blunt? Had Rataplan's name ever been pronounced at the Pension Marcassin? Did Marygold ever speak of a certain Constant? J. B. Constant—Jean Baptiste Constant—the name, the initials, kept ringing in the ears of her mind. But it was all a dream, and would yield nothing tangible. So soon as, for an instant, she thought she had gotten hold of a form and a substance, they slid away from her as though she had been walking on glass, and all was impalpable. As sometimes in a strain of music, and sometimes in a sigh of the wind, and sometimes in a word, forgotten so soon as it was uttered, if uttered indeed it were, Lily fancied that she remembered something—she knew not what, she knew not when, she knew not how;—and then the fancied reminiscence faded away into nothingness and a perplexing blank, in which memory had no place.

Very sadly she rose, folding up, she could scarcely tell why, the copy of the paper, and placing it in her pocket. The dream might come back again, she tried to think, and tell her something more definite. At present she was bound to go on her business. That dreadful locket! Yes; the evil time might be no longer staved off. So, she walked down to the quays that were about the Pont Neuf. It was a wonder she did not meet little Amanda on her morning walk, or Monsieur Philibert meditating on the grand doings the Pompes Funèbres would have when the corpse of the Emperor came home.

There were plenty of goldsmiths' shops on the Quai, plenty expressing on their signs quite a delicious eagerness to purchase gold, silver, and diamonds, at their utmost value. Lily entered the first shop on her way. The gentleman who kept it appeared to deal in all kinds of rags and bones, so to speak, of the precious metals. His counter was heaped with frayed and tarnished epaulettes; with coils of torn and shabby gold and silver lace; with coat-collars, coat-pockets and lappels, decorated with faded embroidery, and ruthlessly torn from their parent garments; with sword-knots, and satchels, and tassels, and bridal veils with silver spangles, and broken teapots, and mugs crumpled up as though they had been made of paper, and flute-mountings, and the tops of meerschau pipes, and the lozenge plates from cigar-cases, and the bosses and mouldings from cartouche-boxes, and the stoppers of bottles from dressing-cases: anything you please to mention in the way of gold and silver. In front of the counter was a stout wire grating reaching to the ceiling, and in front of the grating was the dealer in the precious metals himself. He was smoking a halfpenny cigar, and, with the assistance of a pair of tweezers, was holding some loose pearls, which he took from a sheet of letter-paper, up to the light. He was a dealer with a very shock head of red hair, and had a very white pasty face, and very weak watery eyes, and

very full, luscious-looking pink lips, and was a Jew.

"I won't buy anything this morning," he cried, as Lily, hesitatingly, entered the shop. "That scoundrel Piffard. He pretends to go to the Orkney Islands for pearls! There's not one of them here worth five francs, ma parole d'honneur."

Lily, wincing under this rebuff, was about to withdraw, when he called her back.

"Stop! What is it? What have you got? The *défroque* of a marshal of France, or the sceptre of Charlemagne? I'll buy anything for the sake of your eyes. I love eyes. I wish I could sell them."

He was such a florid dealer, and such a voluble dealer, and, withal, such a very hungry not to say rapacious-looking dealer, that Lily was more than half-alarmed at the manner in which he accosted her. However, there was no help for it, now. She nerved herself to a strong effort, and produced the ill-fated locket. She had previously taken out the hair of the Martyr King, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it carefully away in her bosom. At least, she would not sell *that*, she thought.

"And what might you want for this little bit of a toy?" asked the dealer, turning over the locket, as he spoke, with much contempt.

"A hundred francs," answered Lily, at a guess. "You see, sir, there are diamonds outside."

"I know, I know," retorted the dealer, who with avid eyes had taken stock of the whole. "Diamonds! Do you call these little pins' heads diamonds? They're nothing but beads: mere children's playthings. Come: I'll be liberal. I'll give you fifty francs."

Unused to bargaining in any shape, and perfect novice as she was in the marketable value of the precious metals, Lily could not but be conscious that an attempt was being made to swindle her. She humbly represented that the locket must be worth considerably more even than the price she had put upon it, and that fifty francs was really a sum that she could not think of accepting.

"Where's the hair?" cried the dealer, suddenly opening the locket and then shutting it with a sharp snap. "Where's the miniature of General Foy, or the tomb of Héloïse and Abelard, or the hair of your well-beloved, that ought to be inside?"

Lily replied that she had removed that which had been inside the locket. It was a relic, and she did not intend to sell it.

"Then I won't buy it at all," snarled the dealer, tossing the locket towards her. "Take back your trumpery, I don't buy empty lockets. Nobody likes to buy 'em; and to break up, it isn't worth a louis."

"Oh, sir—" Lily began to plead, as well as she could for the tears that were rising.

"Take it away. I think you stole it. I got into trouble last time about an empty locket. It belonged to a countess in the Faubourg St. Germain, and her chambermaid had robbed her



of it. They menaced me with the commissary. Me! Israel Sarpajou! Get out of the shop, or I'll call the guard."

The meaning of all which was, that M. Israel Sarpajou had been somewhat disappointed that morning in the quality of some loose pearls in which he had invested capital; and, not caring to lay out any more ready money just then, thought he could indulge in a little cheap luxury by baiting a girl whom he knew to be poor, and guessed to be friendless.

Indignant, and yet alarmed, Lily was hastily leaving the shop of the ill-conditioned dealer, when, in his rapid slobbering voice, he called out,

"Come back, little one. Give me a kiss, and you shall have seventy-five francs for your locket." But Lily stayed to hear no more, and hurried away as fast as ever she could.

She went into one gold and silver dealer's shop after another; but, through a kind of fatality, as it seemed, no one would give her anything like a remunerative price for the trinket. One overflowing philanthropist, who was a Christian, offered her twenty-five francs for it; another, who was a wag, advised her to make it up with her young man, and then she would no longer desire to sell the locket which contained his beautiful black hair—ses beaux cheveux noirs. A third was more practical. He was an optician as well as a goldsmith, and wore himself such large polygonal blue goggles as to look like a walking lighthouse. He told Lily that her locket was worth, at the very least, two or three hundred francs—not to melt, but as a work of art—and advised her, instead of selling it, to take it to the nearest bureau of the Mont de Piété, where they would lend her half its value.

This benevolent counsellor gave her, besides, the address of a commissary priseur—one Monsieur Gallifret, who lived in the Rue Montorgueil. Thither did Lily repair with quickening steps; and very seldom, I will venture to surmise, was the first visit to a pawnbroker's paid so blithely.

Monsieur's office was up a narrow filthy passage, and three pair of stairs. There was a traiteur's on the first floor, and a preparatory school on the second; and the mingled odours of soup, scholars, and the bundles of wearing apparel in the pawnbroker's store-closets, were decidedly powerful, but far from pleasant. Monsieur Gallifret was not at home; but his wife was—a snuffy old woman with a red kerchief.

"A hundred francs," said Madame Gallifret, when she had examined the locket.

Lily bowed her head, meaning the gesture as a sign of acquiescence.

"Cent francs, ni plus, ni moins. Do you take it? Est-elle sourde-muette, la petite? Speak out."

"I will take it."

"Bon, what is your name?" went on Madame Gallifret, opening a large thin ledger.

"Lily Floris."

"Drôle de nom! Your profession?"  
"Couturière." Oh, Lily, how fast one learns to lie.

"Domicile?"

"A hundred and twelve, Boulevard Poissonnière." She was making rapid progress in mendacity; but that locket had to be got rid of.

"Where is your passport?"

"My passport, madame?"

"Yes, your passport, your papers. Don't I speak distinctly?"

"I have none."

"Bien fâchée, then, but we can have nothing to do with you. No business is transacted in this office save with persons provided with papers perfectly en règle."

And once more Lily went forth into the street: the locket still unsold, and even unpawned.

#### BRITANNIA'S HEAD FOR FIGURES.

ONCE every year—on or about the day known as All Fools' Day—the country has to listen to its financial statement. This statement, or Budget, is made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—an officer who comes in and goes out with ministries. This Chancellor may, or may not, be an able man; his notions of taxation may be brilliant or common-place; he may be industrious, he may be indolent; he may be full of ingenuity, bold in expedients, and sound in principles, or he may be nothing more than the mere mouthpiece of a Treasury clerk. But, for the time being, with the sanction of Parliament, he governs the national balance-sheet. Having collected estimates of the probable national expenditure, or Rule Britannia side of the account, for the twelvemonth under consideration, he goes to the other, or Suck Britannia side—amongst the sugar, gin, malt, bill-stamps, and tradesmen, to see where the money is to come from. On the Rule Britannia side of his department—in his palatial drawing-rooms—he dispenses his millions with an open hand; while, as Britannia's factor, he collects some of his pence by taxing lollipops, and seizing poor men's bedsteads.

Since the days when Chancellors of the Exchequer were invented, the country has had some eccentric and jocular financiers. The more eccentric and jocular the financier, of course the more comic were the taxes imposed. One inventive genius in the art of Sucking Britannia thought it would be a good thing to tax bachelors, and an equally good, though somewhat contradictory thing, to tax widowers. This was in 1695. When the bachelor or widower tried to escape from this tax by getting married, the clever financier had him on the hip with another impost. Marriages were taxed as well as celibacy, and even births and burials were made to contribute to the Treasury. Later financiers revived most of these imposts, adding to these taxes on deaths and christenings. The tax upon the birth of children was revived at a

time when the good citizen was exhorted to increase his family, when the expenditure was very heavy, the National Debt growing apace, and financiers began to see an excuse for a large outlay in a large and increasing population.

A great advance has been made during the last quarter of a century in the art of sucking Britannia. The amount drawn from the resources of the country is still large—some think, with good show of reason, unnecessarily large—but it is drawn with less determination to favour the few at the expense of the many. The general apathy and ignorance existing with regard to the details of national finance, is an encouragement to Exchequer Chancellors not to do their duty. Our budgets, in all probability, would be wiser and more just if general education included something about taxes and taxation. At present, with the exception of the small doses of political economy administered at the universities, it includes nothing. Knowledge about the National Debt, the Consolidated Fund, and direct and indirect taxation, may be picked up by inquiring youths, as savages pick up the knack of wearing dress-coats and riding in cabs, but this can only be done by “self-help” and studying, not reading the newspapers. Few public teachers step forward to teach such lessons, the task not being showy and popular, but occasionally a speaker or lecturer is found who cares more for utility than popularity. Such a lecturer has appeared lately in the person of Mr. Thomson Hankey, the well-known banker and member of Parliament, who judiciously employed what little leisure he had during the parliamentary recess in delivering a descriptive lecture on taxes and expenditure.\* Mr. Hankey is not an avowed financial reformer, and seems inclined to support the existing state of things, but the value of his lecture will be found in its clear statement of details. How little, the lecturer considered was known of those details, even in banking circles in the City, may be gathered from the fact that the lecture was delivered at the Bank of England Library and Literary Institute. At this expiring season of parliament we may profitably employ a few of our pages in giving the substance of this lecture, with a few remarks which may seem to us good in passing.

In former times there used to be a great state officer called a Lord High Treasurer, who often had no treasure to guard, and who often had to deal with payments in kind, which might be wool or any other material. This treasurer, however, has been superseded by a set of commissioners appointed by the Crown, whenever there is a change of ministers, the chief of whom is called the First Lord of the Treasury, and is generally, though not necessarily, the prime minister. The financial duties of the ministry, however, are always performed by another of the commissioners, called the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose special duty it is to see that

the proceeds of Sucking Britannia are equal to the cost of Ruling Britannia. He calls for estimates, some of which, such as the amount required to be spent on the army and navy, are supposed to be considered by the cabinet, that is, by the ministers in a body, and when these estimates have been approved, their total is ascertained, and then begins the task of selecting the taxes. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to propose a larger expenditure than his last year's or expected forthcoming income will meet, he has then to ask Parliament to sanction an increase in some old tax, or the imposition of a new tax; but if he can make out an excess of probable income on paper, he asks it either to reduce or abolish one or more existing imposts. When his scheme has been sanctioned by Parliament his duties may be considered theoretically at an end. The heads of each department, such as the army or navy, ask Parliament to sanction their own estimates, and when there is no special representative of the department in the House of Commons—the House in which all money bills originate—the duty then devolves upon the Secretary of the Treasury, but not upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Secretary of the Treasury is the generally recognised authority respecting the expenditure of the country, excepting for the army and navy.

The estimates, having been already laid before Parliament for some weeks previous to their being taken into consideration, are then put to the vote in the House of Commons, and when voted, the first step, but only the first step, has been gained. No money can really be got at until an Act of Parliament has been formally passed for a transfer of money from the Exchequer Account at the Bank of England or Ireland. This Act is very properly called a Consolidated Fund or Ways and Means Act, and it directs the Comptroller of the Exchequer to obey a royal warrant granted by the Crown to the Lords of the Treasury, and to order a transfer of money from the Exchequer Account to such other accounts as require money for those services in ruling Britannia which have been specified in the votes of the House of Commons. It is the duty of the Speaker to take care that no larger sum is granted for the use of the Treasury in this way, than the total amount of the votes which have actually been passed from time to time in Committees of Supply. Formerly, a much larger proportion of the expenditure than at present was sanctioned by previous Acts of Parliament, consequently, a much smaller sum came annually under the control of Parliament. All the money received on account of the government is considered to belong to the Consolidated Fund. It is paid in as received to the Bank of England or Ireland, placed to the Exchequer Account, and cannot be touched without the sanction of an Act of Parliament, either passed at the time, or which has already been passed, and is then in full force. Towards the close of every session the financial legislation is completed by the passing of an Appropriation Bill,

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which appropriates every separate vote that has passed the House of Commons during the session, and completes the "ways and means" necessary to meet these votes.

This is the extent of parliamentary control over the cost of ruling Britannia, and it is now necessary to describe the general heads of our annual national expenditure.

First and foremost in the account is the charge for interest and management of the National Debt, and this amounts, in round numbers, to about twenty-six millions sterling. Those who are inclined to make the best of a bad bargain—and amongst them we must include Mr. Thomson Hankey—see in this debt of eight hundred millions a gratifying proof of the soundness of our credit, and not of the fatal facility which governments have of borrowing. Nothing is more easy than to pledge the earnings of posterity. This debt is eminently a fighting debt. It began with a sum of more than half a million at the Revolution of 1688, and increased to nearly thirteen millions during the reign of William the Third, under the title of the "King's Debt." At the accession of Queen Anne it was called the "National Debt," and it increased during her reign to thirty-six millions. George the First received it at this amount, and passed it on to George the Second as more than fifty-two millions; George the Second passed it on to George the Third as one hundred and two millions; and George the Third, owing to the American War of Independence and the French revolutionary war, with subsidies and aids to European powers, found it one hundred and two and left it eight hundred and thirty-five millions. George the Fourth—"the finest gentleman of Europe"—passed it on to William the Fourth as seven hundred and eighty-five millions—decreased fifty millions—and William the Fourth passed it on to Queen Victoria as nearly seven hundred and eighty-eight millions. In Queen Victoria's reign, up to the close of March, 1863, the debt has been increased by a little more than twelve millions. The interest which has been paid on this debt from 1691 to 1863 (inclusive) has amounted to more than two thousand two hundred and thirty-six millions sterling. The debt is chiefly a funded or book debt, and is managed by the Bank of England—the earliest creditors of the country—at an annual charge of about two hundred and one thousand pounds.

The next item in the account is for various charges on the Consolidated Fund, of a permanent nature, amounting to one million and eight hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds. More than four hundred and five thousand pounds of this sum is apportioned for the Civil List and pensions granted by the Crown. This is a national grant, in place of all the former hereditary income of the Crown, which is divided into six classes, and any surplus from one class cannot be taken to supply a deficiency in the other. For this reason, a prudent monarch is compelled to be economical, and not to pay fancy prices for Windsor Castle Theatricals, or works of pro-

misising young artists. If we add to this sum about forty-three thousand pounds for the repairs and maintenance of the royal palaces, and one hundred and two thousand pounds which is paid to the other members of the royal family, we shall find that it requires about five hundred and fifty thousand pounds every year to support the dignity of the Crown and of the royal family.

The next item to the Civil List is one of about two hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds for annuities and pensions. This list includes kings, heroes, and ex-ministers of a certain standing, and one reverend gentleman who, as ex-Hanaper-keeper, and ex-patentee (not inventor) of bankrupts, receives eleven thousand three hundred and eighty pounds, or nearly three times as much as the son of the Duke of Wellington.

Next come salaries and allowances, more than one hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds; then diplomatic salaries and pensions, more than one hundred and seventy-one thousand pounds, and then a charge of more than six hundred and ninety thousand pounds for courts of justice. This is made up of salaries to judges and compensations, owing to reforms in the administration of justice, and the large round sum we have given, excludes a few odd pounds, and a mysterious sixpence.

A group of "miscellaneous charges" follow, which includes Russian-Dutch Loan and Greek Loan (both war charges), Annuity to Greenwich Hospital, and sums devoted to the improvement of harbours in the Isle of Man (one-ninth of the revenue received from customs in that island), ten thousand pounds devoted to "secret service," which is only part of the sum annually placed at the disposal of the Crown to be used in this way, and between sixteen and seventeen thousand pounds paid to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, to compensate him for loss of duties on tin.

These sums, with the interest on the National Debt, together amount to something over twenty-eight millions, and are commonly called the charges on the Consolidated Fund. They have been created by general Acts of Parliament, and are not, therefore, necessarily brought under the annual consideration of the House of Commons.

The remainder of the annual charges for ruling Britannia amounts to something over forty-one millions, and this sum is subject to the annual control of Parliament in the votes given in what is called Committee of Supply. The first two of these charges—about sixteen millions and a quarter, and nearly eleven millions and a half—are for the army and navy, the total being nearly twenty-eight millions. Ten years ago our fighting expenditure was only sixteen millions, but the Russian war raised it to a level from which it shows no symptoms of sinking. We get for this outlay about one hundred and fifty thousand effective men of all ranks in our army, and about seventy-six thousand men in our navy, with one hundred and fifty vessels of war in commission.

The next item in the account of expendi-

ture is for Miscellaneous Civil Service, and this amounts to about eight millions. These charges are divided in the votes of the House of Commons into seven general divisions, such as public works (a bricklayers', plasterers', and gardeners' division); salaries, out of which are paid all the public officers of the thirty-six public offices, except those provided for in the Consolidated Fund, and the clerks in the War-offices and Admiralty; law and justice, which absorb about three millions and a half; education, which absorbs nearly a million and a half; colonial charges, superannuations and retiring allowance, and miscellaneous charges. We then come to the cost of collecting the public revenue. This was formerly deducted from the income received by the revenue departments, and consequently no annual estimate was ever submitted to Parliament to show at what cost the public revenue was collected. A change, however, and a very important one, was made chiefly in 1854, since which the whole of the expenditure has been brought before Parliament, and annually voted in Committee of Supply. The total cost of the three departments—customs, inland revenue (excise), and post-offices—and land revenues and superannuations—is about five millions and a half. The number of clerks and others employed by the customs is about five thousand three hundred, with an average salary of about one hundred and forty pounds; in the inland revenue, about five thousand, with an average salary of about one hundred and sixty pounds; and in the Post-office, about twenty-five thousand, with an average salary of about eighty pounds.

These sums, with a special vote of a million for fortifications, amount altogether to nearly seventy millions and a half, the cost of ruling Britannia for a twelvemonth; and we now have to examine the other side of the account, the income side.

The first great source of revenue is found in the customs duties—customs, many sound financiers think, that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. These duties produce about twenty-four millions—the chief sums being about six millions and a half drawn from sugar and its varieties; nearly six millions drawn from tobacco and snuff; five millions and a half drawn from tea, and nearly three millions drawn from spirits. The other heads of customs revenue are wine, corn, coffee, fruits, wood, and timber (a protective duty), pepper, and a few other articles. Our tariff about twenty years ago contained about one thousand articles which were forbidden to sail in untaxed, but now the tariff contains only fifty-one articles so taxed. Even with this great reform, however, it is far from being perfect, and those who believe that we enjoy free trade in corn, will be surprised to hear that an annual million sterling is still drawn from this staple article of food.

Next come the duties collected by the inland revenue department. These are divided into excise, stamps, land and general taxes, and income and property tax. The excise duties are levied

principally on two articles, spirits and malt, the first producing nearly nine millions and a half, and the second nearly five millions and a half. The other divisions are licenses, railways, stage-carriages, game certificates, hackney-carriages, and sundries. The taxes on railways and carriages are all bad, being checks upon the free circulation of goods and men.

The Stamp Duties are collected from legacies and successions (a tax upon capital and not upon income), from fire and marine insurances (a tax upon prudence), from probates of wills, deeds, bills of exchange, penny stamps on cheques, &c., producing altogether about nine millions.

The first item under the head of taxes—officially so called—is the Land-Tax, the oldest impost in England, which produces about one million. It is based on a valuation made in 1695, which no one supposes can represent the value at the present time, but any attempt to rearrange this tax so as to produce more money would be nothing less than confiscation. The Assessed Taxes are raised on inhabited houses, male servants, carriages, horses, mules, and dogs, hair-powder, and armorial bearings. They produce about two millions every year.

Next comes the Income and Property Tax—a very direct tax—first invented or applied in England by Mr. Pitt, and successively repealed and reimposed by many Chancellors of the Exchequer. Of all the various modes of Sucking Britannia, this is the one which is the least popular, both with financiers and the public. If all the income sucked from Britannia were to be sucked in this way, Britannia would have to be ruled, as she was thirty years ago, at half the present cost. This prospect appears so awful, that the tax is not popular with tax-makers. The public dislike the impost because it is a direct stand-and-deliver tax, and prefer to be quietly bled to death by the indirect operations of Customs and Excise. The Income Tax now produces about ten millions and a half.

Next is the income derived from the Post-office. The gross produce of this department for letter-carrying and banking is about three millions and eight hundred thousand pounds; and the total expenditure in carriage of mails, buildings, postage-stamps, salaries, &c. (about three millions), being deducted from this, leaves a profit of about eight hundred thousand pounds. This is a nice sum for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to receive for the use of the country; but it can only be looked upon as a tax upon the free circulation of thought. Such a tax, no matter how collected, is bad in principle, and can hardly be good for the country. The average number of letters now passing annually through the Post-office—irrespective of newspapers and parcels by book-post (seventy-one millions, and nearly twelve millions, respectively)—is quite twenty for each person throughout the kingdom; and the sooner the Post-office profits are spent in improving the Post-office service, or in reducing the postal



charges, the better for these active correspondents.

The next item is three hundred thousand pounds derived from Crown Lands—a class of property which is not very productive. The gross income from these lands is only about four hundred and thirty thousand pounds, and many quiet observers, including Mr. Hankey, are puzzled by this remarkable barrenness. There is a tradition, meandering through old law-books, which is painful to all taxpayers, that these Crown lands were once sufficient to pay all the expenses of the State, before a large number of royal prodigals took to running through the national property. William the Conqueror's income from this source, according to a reliable estimate, was equal, in our present money, to something like six or seven millions per annum, without taking into consideration the increased value of property. Now the forests—the anything but merry green woods, and part of this property—cost more than they produce, showing an annual loss of seven thousand pounds. If this was the case in Robin Hood's time, no wonder his Chancellor of the Exchequer set the practice of thieving.

The last items on our list are the miscellaneous receipts, a group that amounts to about two millions and three-quarters. Here we have small branches of the hereditary revenue (an insignificant sum): about one hundred and thirty thousand pounds paid by the Bank of England for the privilege of issuing bank-notes, or creating capital, to the extent of fourteen millions; fees of public offices, a large proportion of which consists of charges on private bills (railway and public company bills), sufficient to pay all the working expenses of Parliament; a sum returned by the King of the Belgians out of his pension, seemingly to promote as much book-keeping as possible; and a receipt of seven hundred thousand pounds from the sale of old stores, which represents a loss of a million and a half, and an annual sop thrown to auction-room jobbers. These are followed by what are called extra receipts—a large part of which is the profit on coinage—more than sufficient to pay the whole cost of the Mint. The profit is made on the silver and copper coinage, and chiefly on the latter. Gold, being the standard coin, is manufactured free of charge, to keep it steady in value. Next, in these miscellaneous receipts, comes the profit made from those useful but not very lively government publications, the *Gazettes* of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin; then follow the repayments from India for military charges; the colonial contribution towards the cost of our Post-office services (which we have before taken into account); the unclaimed wages and effects of deceased merchant seamen, which are paid into the Exchequer after six years; a saving on the issue of parliamentary grants, paid back in cash; ten thousand pounds received from the public as “conscience money”—partly from people who think they have defrauded the revenue, and partly from enthusiasts

who wish to pay off the National Debt; a surplus remaining unappropriated from former votes of supply; and sums derived from the Malta and Alexandria telegraph contractors, the Emperor of China, in the shape of an indemnity; and from the capture of slavers, and other sources. These sums end the miscellaneous receipts, and when the whole account is added up, we find that the result of Sucking Britannia—the total income from revenue of all kinds—is a little more than seventy millions and a half. The total amount received from taxation, exclusive of the Post-office, is about sixty-seven millions, and the cost of collection, excluding the Post-office, but including superannuations, is about two millions and a half, or three and three-quarters per cent, as they say in the City.

This simple account of Ruling and Sucking Britannia only gives the pure income and expenditure of the national balance-sheet, leaving out certain items which always appear in the official statement. These items, on both sides, generally reach another eighteen millions, and represent certain financial operations of the government. There are the balances standing to the credit of the government at the commencement of the financial year—the 1st of April, or All Fools' Day—the money borrowed from the Bank of England by the government, under parliamentary restrictions, and partly repaid during the year; the temporary advances so borrowed and wholly repaid every quarter; and the creation or redemption of additional debt. The last item may be interesting to those who wish to watch the progress of the National Debt. The repayments of advances that are not temporary, includes an operation by which the silver and copper coin finds its way into circulation. The Mint buys copper and silver, and coins both, as before stated, at a profit, but the coin is only issued to the Bank of England, or to other parties willing to give the full nominal value for it, because they require the small coinage of silver and copper for the wants of their customers. Only those persons who require the coin for such purposes would give twenty shillings' worth of gold to receive only eighteen shillings intrinsic value in silver, or probably not above seven or eight shillings intrinsic value in copper.

One of the cleverest inventions to conceal the real pressure of taxation was the so-much-a-head theory. When financial reformers complain that the active expenditure of the country has increased sixfold during the last seventy years, they are referred to the population returns, and told that seventy millions a year, drawn from thirty millions of people, is only about two pounds five shillings a head. If taxes were paid to Chancellors by sucking babes, idiots, paupers, and a number of other similar persons, there would be some fairness in this poll-tax calculation, but the chief heads in the country who pay these seventy millions a year are heads of families. If Britannia really believes in this head theory, with how much disgust must she regard those constantly occurring cases of death from starvation which

are a disgrace to the country? It would surely be better to give up a little of our great and glorious expenditure, than to support it by squeezing five-and-forty shillings a year from those who are dying of hunger.

### OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

WE may not be accustomed to hear grubs and animalcules called domestic animals. But, asks Doctor T. L. Phipson, "do we not rear our silkworms with as much care as our sheep or our cows? Do we not construct houses for our bees, cochineals, snails, oysters, as we do for our rabbits, our chickens, or our horses? Are not large fortunes realised by the cultivation of a worm such as the leech, or a grub such as the silkworm, as readily as by the aid of the camel of the desert, or the Indian elephant? Have we not seen a thimbleful of some new insect or its eggs fetch as high a price in the market as the choicest Cochin-China fowl?"

We always ought to cultivate our friends, and that these little friends, which are remarkably well worth cultivating, are not cultivated half enough, and how much we lose by our neglect, Dr. Phipson suggests in a little book on the *Utilisation of Minute Life*, designed to improve our acquaintance with our smallest fellow-creatures. A man is likely to thrive if he can discover "a means of doubling the produce of the bee or the silkworm, or a method by which sponges and corals might be cultivated with as much ease as a lettuce or a cauliflower." So says Dr. Phipson, and what sort of information it is that he wishes to diffuse, his book enables us to show. He includes in his register crustacea, molluscs, worms, polyps, infusoria, sponges. We content ourselves with notes on our friends of the insect world.

There are more kinds of silkworm than the mulberry-worm common in Europe, which spins at the rate of six inches a minute, and in Lyons spins six million million feet of silk every year. Fifteen hundred English feet is the average length of one cocoon; the average crop from one ounce weight of eggs is eighty pounds weight of cocoon, and one pound weight of the cocoon will yield an ounce of eggs, but the harvest is sometimes greater. The ounce of egg, or seed, has been known to make one hundred and thirty pounds of cocoon.

In India, use has been made of a Tussah silkworm which feeds on the leaves of the jujube-tree, but will eat other leaves, and has even been reared experimentally on oak-leaves, a fact encouraging to those who propose its introduction into Europe. Its silk is much coarser than that of the common silkworm, and of a darker colour. It clothes one hundred and twenty millions of Asiatics, and clothes made of it will last, for constant use, ten or eleven years. Another Asiatic moth yielding this kind of silk will feed also on oak. Its eggs have been known to hatch in Siberia before there were leaves on the oak-tree, and the larvæ have then been saved

from starving by oak-branches placed in vessels of water to force the buds to open quickly. The Oriady silkworm, discovered in Bengal, feeds on the castor-oil plant, and yields soft and glossy silk that cannot be wound off the cocoon. It is woven, therefore, into a coarse loose textured fabric used for clothing and for packing costly goods. It is so durable that a garment of it cannot be worn out during a man's lifetime.

Can the silkworms be made to produce their goods ready dyed? The solution of this question has been attempted by sprinkling over the mulberry leaves on which the worms feed such innocent colouring matter as indigo, or the fine red dye of a *Bignonia* called *chica*, wherewith the Indians of *Oronoco* dye their skin. M. Roulin is the great French experimenter in this way. He is still at work, but hitherto, though he has been able to get dyed silk, he has not been able to get it well dyed.

There is a clothes moth called the *Pinea padilla*, of which each larva spins about half a square inch of fine silk, and a great number of these larvæ being set to work on the surface of a paper model, the parts which they were not to cover with silk being oiled, Mr. Habenstreet has caused the clothes moth to produce an air balloon about four feet high; one or two shawls, and a complete seamless dress with sleeves, not only the material, but the dress itself being made by the clothes moth. The Queen of *Bavaria* is said once to have worn such a robe of gauzy silk over her court costume. It is light to a fault, for the slightest breath of wind is enough to carry a whole dress away. Dresses have been made of silk from the yellow cocoon of a *Paraguay* spider. A peculiar white silk is yielded by the *Ichneumon* fly of the *West Indies*, but no use has yet been made of it.

The silk dress that one insect makes, another can dye magnificently. The insect called *kermes* or *hermes*, nearly related to the cochineal, and used for dyeing before cochineal was known, gives its name to the colour that the French call *cramoisi* and the English *crimson*. In the middle ages the insect was supposed to be produced from a worm, and was described as *vermiculatum*, whence comes the name in French of *vermeil* and in English of *vermillion*. *Kermes* is found in many parts of Asia, and in the south of Europe, and is very common in the south of France, where it lives on a small evergreen oak. Another kind of it, known also before the cochineal or coccus of the cactus, is common in Poland and Russia, and has been an important article of commerce under the name of the "scarlet grain of Poland." It is found in England on the roots of the perennial *knarvel*, a plant not uncommon in Norfolk and Suffolk.

Our cochineal was found to be already in use in its native Mexico when, early in the sixteenth century, the Spaniards arrived there; but for a hundred years men were not sure whether it was an insect or a seed. The cactus on which it is usually bred is called the *nopal*, whence the plantations are known as *nopaleries*, and the chief part of the cochineal

of commerce is produced from small nopalleries belonging to Indians who are very poor. These people establish their nopal plantations on cleared ground, on the mountain-slopes, two or three leagues from their villages. Each planter buys stock in the spring in the shape of a few branches of cactus laden with small cochineals recently hatched, known as *semilla*, or seeds. Such branches are sold for about half-a-crown the hundred. They are kept for twenty days within the huts, then placed in the open air under a shed, and in August and September, the succulency of the plant having kept life in the cactus branches, the female insects, big with young, are gathered and strewed on the nops to breed. In about four months the first gathering is made, of a twelvefold increase, and there may be two more profitable harvests in the course of the year. The cochineal has to be gathered from the nopal with great care; the Indian women squat, therefore, for hours before a single cactus, brushing at the insects with a squirrel's tail. They are killed by boiling water, by exposure in heaps to the sun, or by drying in ovens. It takes seventy thousand of the dried insects to make a pound of cochineal, and England alone consumes one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of cochineal, or ten thousand and five hundred millions of insects. Cochineal, still produced most abundantly in Mexico, is now cultivated also in Spain, India, Algiers, &c. In Teneriffe it has superseded the grape vine. The cochineal grower must carefully avoid mixing different species of coccus, and after a gathering his plants must be carefully washed with a sponge before they are strewn again with mother insects.

M. Guérin Menneville lately discovered in the south of France, upon the bean, an indigenous cochineal of which the colouring matter is a peculiar scarlet, usually obtainable by none but artificial means. It is not a carmine, and as every true coccus yields carminium, this newly-discovered insect is probably not a true cochineal, but an aphid, of which the dye is said to have decided advantages over cochineal in dyeing wool, if it could be multiplied so as to be cheap and abundant.

Lac, formerly supposed to be formed by the *Coccus lacca* as bees form their cells, is now said to consist of five sorts of resin mixed with a little wax, colouring matter, and grease, exuding from the jujube and other trees after this coccus has pricked them. The colouring matter being carminium—the principle of the cochineal—that certainly is communicated to it by the coccus. Carminium mixed with alumina produces the magnificent lake known to the artist as carmine; it is deposited on adding alum to an alkaline solution of cochineal; but it is a singular fact, that if this be done in the dark the carmine will be far less brilliant than if it be prepared in the sunshine. The only rouge that can be used by actors on the stage—or off it—without injury to health, is that produced by a mixture of an ounce of freshly prepared carmine with a quarter of a pound of chalk.

We pass over the fly (*cynips*) that produces gall-nuts with only a couple of notes. The gall-nut, however large, attains its full size in a day or two, and it is remarkable that the grub in it, surrounded by a vegetable tumour that contains no particle of grease or oily matter, becomes distinguished for its fat. It turns the starch or other vegetable matter on which it feeds into fat in a way that deserves the observation of Mr. Banting; for, says Dr. Phipson, "the conditions under which fat is most readily formed are indeed those in which the larvæ of the cynips live, namely, a vegetable or farinaceous diet, repose, solitude, and obscurity."

An aphid in some parts of Asia produces galls that are used as a crimson dye for silk; a yellow dye seems to be procurable from the gall-nut formed at the extremities of the spruce fir by the aphid *pini*; and the best yellow of India is produced from a sort of gall.

There is a Chinese coccus that produces from the trees it inhabits tumours as large as a walnut, of a wax-like spermaceti. It begins to appear about June, and is gathered at the beginning of September. In China alone (where it is chiefly cultivated in the province of Xantung) this insect thus produces wax enough for the wants of the whole nation. It is reared also from the frontiers of Thibet to the Pacific Ocean. France pays four millions of francs a year for wax. This coccus alone produces in a year wax to the value of ten millions of francs, so that we do not now depend, as we used to depend, wholly on the wax of bees.

As to the bees and their wax they do not obtain it at all—as they do their honey—from the vegetable world, but secrete it themselves in thin plates, from special organs on each side of the abdomen. There is a wild bee of Ceylon that, though it makes much honey, is itself barbarously eaten as a delicacy. Elsewhere all the world over the bee is honoured as a liberal friend of man. In the Ukraine some of the peasants make more profit from their bees than from their corn. There are varieties of honey yielded by varieties of bee, and there are varieties of honey yielded by our own familiar honey-bee, who suits his taste to his country, and in the Highlands of Scotland prefers gathering honey from the heather, in Scania from the buckwheat, in Poland from the lime-trees, in Corsica from the arbutus, in Narbonne from the rosemary, and in Greece from the thyme.

It is no longer thought necessary to kill bees to get at their honey. They may be "chloroformed" by the smoke of the puff-ball fungus; but Mr. Nutt's system of hive makes even this unnecessary. Great care and attention is necessary to successful bee-keeping. Near Paris the average clear profit from each beehive varies from ten shillings to a pound a year. The chief losses occur in the winter. M. Antoine of Rheims has lately been teaching that the best way to winter the hives is to bury them, with the utmost care and with the least possible motion and noise, in a pretty deep trench dug about the middle of November, their sides protected with

boards and straw, and the whole covered with earth, on which seeds are sown to hide the buried treasure. The trench is opened in the middle of the following February—in the evening—with the same precaution against every avoidable stir and noise. It is said that in hives thus treated, the bees consume three-fifths less honey than when they are not buried; there is almost no mortality, and the queen begins to lay three weeks sooner than usual.

Honey can be made of wood, linen, cotton, or starch, by boiling them for ten or twenty hours in water acidulated with sulphuric acid, and replacing the water as it evaporates. If the acid liquid be then saturated with chalk, filtered and evaporated, the result is artificial honey, composed, like honey itself, of grape sugar mixed with a little liquid sugar. So says the chemist, but no busy bee among our prudent housekeepers has yet tried to gather honey from her linen and cotton rags.

Manna is got from the sap of the ash-tree by the puncture of an insect of the cochineal family, and it is produced also from other trees. A sweet substance, like manna, exudes from the leaves of an Australian tree—the *Eucalyptus sesinifera*—dries in the sun, and, when the trees are shaken by the wind, falls like a shower of snow. The manna of Mount Sinai is drawn from the tamarisk by puncture of the coccus. It exudes as a thick syrup during the heat of the day, falls in drops, congeals during the night, and is gathered in the cool of the morning.

Then we have a little friend in sickness, to whom we are not always grateful while he is serving us, in the cantharides, or Spanish fly. He is rare in England, but is found now and then in the southern counties on the lilac, privet, and some other shrubs. In Spain he is common, and in Italy, and other southern lands. In some parts of France, especially Poitou, ash-trees are never planted, because the quantity of cantharides that breed on them become a nuisance to the inhabitants of the district. Other beetles, as the oil beetle, and the golden beetle, have inflammatory power, and it is said to be by virtue of this that a live ladybird imprisoned in a hollow aching tooth will cure the most violent toothache.

In Africa they eat ants stewed in butter. In Sweden they distil them with rye to give a peculiar flavour to brandy. Pressed ant-eggs yield a mixture resembling chocolate with milk, of which the chemical composition really resembles that of ordinary milk. The large termites, or white ants, which are so destructive to houses and furniture, are roasted by the Africans in iron pots, and eaten by handfuls as sugar-plums. They are said to be very nourishing, and to taste like sugared cream or sweet almond paste. As for locusts, "the Africans," says Dr. Phipson, "far from dreading their invasions, look upon a dense cloud of locusts as we should so much bread-and-butter in the air. They smoke them, or boil them, or salt them, or stew them, or grind them down as corn, and get fat upon them." An inch-long spider is

roasted over the fire and relished as a tit-bit by the natives of New Caledonia. The eggs of a sort of boat-fly are found strewn by thousands on the reeds on the banks of the great freshwater lakes Texcoco and Chalco. The Mexicans shake them into a cloth, set them to dry, then grind them like flour, and sell the flour in sacks for making a peculiar kind of cake called *haulté*. The unground eggs are used also for feeding chickens.

### THE CALL IN VAIN.

#### I.

##### CALL back the dew

That on the rose at morn was lying:  
When the day is dying,  
Bid the sunbeam stay:

##### Call back the wave

E'en while the ebbing tide's receding—  
Oh, all unheeding  
Of thy voice are they.

##### As vain the call

Distraction makes on love departed,  
When the broken-hearted  
Bitter tears let fall:

Dew and sunshine, wave and flow'r  
Renew'd, return at destin'd hour,  
But never yet was known the pow'r  
Could vanish'd love recal.

#### II.

##### Call back the brave

Beneath the distant billow lying;  
Bid those who love them, sighing,  
For them cease to sigh.

##### Call back the bird

That, seeking warmer climes for pleasure  
(Spent is *our* summer treasure),  
Spreads his wing to fly.

##### Call back the dream

That in the night our fancy chaining,  
With our slumber waning,  
Melts at dawn away:—

Ah! no call like this succeeding,  
Cease with dying love thy pleading,  
Know, too late, with bosom bleeding,  
Love is more lost than they!

### HAPPY IDIOTS.

THE dream of the monks and hospitalers of old has been realised—alms-giving has become an art, indeed, it may be said, a fine art. Among all the institutions of the country there are none so well organised, so liberally conducted, or so carefully and thoughtfully adapted to their purpose, as those which are designed to relieve the sufferings and mitigate the misfortunes of humanity. Here in England there is scarcely a disease either of the mind or body, scarcely even a deformity, for whose alleviation some hospital has not been provided by the inexhaustible charity of the people. And our hospitals



and asylums vie in architectural magnificence with the mansions of the rich and great. When the intelligent foreigner is making his way towards London by the South Eastern Railway, and sees on every side magnificent buildings rising majestically from woods and gardens rich in stately timber, and glowing with rare plants and flowers, he is apt to inquire the names of the great English lords who own those splendid seats. This Italian palace on the left, with the British flag floating proudly from its summit. Surely this must be the residence of a royal prince?

No, monsieur, it is the residence of some two or three hundred poor creatures who are suffering from incurable diseases. It is an hospital—this mansion on the right with broad terraces, sparkling fountains, and velvet lawns. The ancestral seat of a duke? No, it is but an asylum for idiots. By-and-by a bright château rising from among the rich dark woods—a home for orphan children. Anon, a castle of glittering granite, surrounded by trim grounds and highly cultivated fields. The stronghold of a proud English baron, of all the barons, perhaps, come down from Magna Charta and taken up house together? Nay, a reformatory for criminal children, distinguished inheritors of evil ways and vicious habits. The intelligent foreigner may well listen in mute astonishment. The reflections which arise even in the mind of a native are perplexing enough. Down by the sides of the railway, on the brink of ditches and stagnant pools, away in the open fields among reeking brick-fields and festering manure-heaps, huddled together in damp and muddy villages, and by-and-by in the pent and stifling streets of the murky city, he sees the homes of the honest hard-working poor—homes that are but pigsties in comparison with the magnificent hospitals and asylums which British charity has raised for the idiot, the lunatic, and the criminal.

At first sight the contrast presents itself as a strange anomaly. It would almost seem that, in this country, to be unfortunate is to be fortunate, to be poor is to be rich; that, for the advantage of physical comfort, it is better to be mad than sane; better to be an idiot than to have the full use of one's faculties; better to be a youthful criminal than an honest, hard-working, well-behaved boy. And, indeed, it is not too much to say that these lunatics, idiots, and young criminals, are the only persons in the whole community who are enabled fully to enjoy the comfort, the cleanliness, the wholesome diet, and the regularity of habits which make up the great and sovereign recipe, according to all wisdom and experience, for ensuring health and the capability for happiness.

These reflections, and many others in the same strain, arose in my mind with irresistible force the other day, when I paid a visit to the Idiot Asylum at Earlswood. Driving down from the Reigate station in a handsomely appointed carriage that I found waiting for me, I conceived

the idea that I was proceeding on a visit to some wealthy landowner. This idea was further increased and strengthened, when, after a rapid, dashing drive of twenty minutes or so, the carriage turned sharply through an archway, and entered the gates of a large and beautiful mansion, situated on a commanding elevation, overlooking broad terraces with flights of stone steps, leading down to the green lawns, studded with shrubs and trees and intersected by parterres of many-coloured flowers. Still dwelling upon the idea of the landowner, it occurred to me that my host could be nothing less than a duke. Nor did I quite lose this impression when I noticed some hundreds of men, women, and children, many of them obviously of the poorer class, disporting themselves on the grass, or marching in procession, preceded by a band of music. No doubt his grace the duke was giving a fête to his tenants and humble dependents. It was, indeed, some considerable time before I entirely lost sight of the noble and princely proprietor. There he was with the duchess at his side, on the steps of the grand entrance waiting to receive me; and when he had condescendingly given me his august hand, and kindly introduced me to the duchess, he handed me over to the major-domo, a magnificent and imposing personage, six feet two in his stockings, who forthwith conducted me to the banquetting-hall. Here, in a delightfully cool apartment, large and lofty, with a triple window of great plate-glass panes, looking out upon the beautiful garden, and a wide extent of richly wooded country, I enjoy a substantial, but at the same time an elegant repast, while a neat-handed, soft-footed nymph in white garments stands behind my chair and waits upon me, wafting upon my sense, as she passes to and from the sideboard, a gentle breeze, redolent of clean frock. At home in my own house—it may be in Belgrave-square—I have viands richer than these; I have a finer carpet, as white a tablecloth, as attentive a servitor; but I have not this light, this air, this odour of cleanness, this palpable scent of pure country health. I imagine that it must be his grace the duke's best room; his company room, his grand salon de réception. But, as I pass down the corridor, on my way to the grounds, I notice many such rooms, all large, light, airy, clean and cheerful. Happy idiots!

Descending from the noble terrace by a flight of stone steps, I come upon the whole of the inmates of the Asylum, disporting themselves upon the lawn. They number in all three hundred and sixty-five, two hundred and sixty being males, and one hundred and ten females. They are of all ages, ranging from a grey-haired old lady of sixty, to a child of five years; and of all ranks, from the sons of prosperous merchants, it may be noblemen, down to the children of poor clerks and petty tradespeople. The Asylum at Earlswood is not absolutely a charity. All who can afford it, pay for their maintenance, and in some instances pay handsomely. Those who cannot afford to pay are elected by the votes of

the subscribers, and are maintained gratuitously. The receipts of the Asylum are thus, to a certain extent, a common fund for the support of all the inmates; although those who maintain themselves receive special advantages according to the amount of their payments. But none of the inmates, however poor they may be, are deprived of any of the essentials of comfort. A patient who pays a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds a year may have a separate apartment and an attendant entirely to himself; but as regards the necessaries and comforts essential to health and enjoyment of life, the rich and the poor are on the same footing.

I fully expected that the sight of so many idiotic creatures in a body would be exceedingly painful. It certainly was painful; but far less so than I could possibly have imagined. Contrary to my anticipation they were all clean, and neat, and tidy in their dress. Moreover, the majority of them exhibited an activity of body and a cheerfulness of expression which I had never before witnessed in persons so manifestly deficient in mental power. This deficiency was strongly marked in every face. The manifestations are very similar in all cases,—a deformed head or jaw, a wide loose mouth showing the gums, large irregular teeth, a fixed stare, and an imbecile smile that comes and goes in a mechanical manner. These peculiarities told plainly that the persons I saw before me were idiotic; but their manner and bearing conveyed no idea of their being useless and helpless.

The kindly system of the institution had done its work. Many of these poor creatures, when they were first brought to Earlswood, were in a condition inferior almost to the brutes. They were confirmed in filthy habits; they were at times perfectly torpid and completely insensible. All the gates of their understanding were as firmly locked as if they had been sealed by the hand of death. They had ears and could not hear; eyes and could not see; tongues and could not speak. And now, here on this lawn, were these self-same creatures, all more or less awakened to life and understanding, running and leaping, laughing and chatting, asking and answering questions, and contending with each other in a high spirit of emulation in all kinds of games, while the workshops, the garden, and the farm offered a hundred specimens of their work in almost every department of art and industry.

The Rev. Edwin Sidney, a benevolent clergyman, who takes a deep interest in this institution, and who is one of its chief benefactors, has given a most interesting account, from observations made at various periods since the year 1859, of the working of the system, and of the progress made by the various inmates. In the course of his visits, Mr. Sidney has been enabled to watch the treatment of idiots from the first day of their admission into the asylum until, in some instances, they have been rendered fit to mix in society. The system pursued by Dr. Down, the resident physician and su-

perintendent, resembles, in some degree, the graduated process by which the raw produce of nature is slowly and patiently converted into works of arts and usefulness—with this difference, that the human raw material is never treated roughly, but always tenderly and gently.

On the reception of a pupil, the first step is to inquire from friends the history of the case, and to discover the peculiar predilections and repugnances of the individual. Certain objective facts, as weight, height, shape, condition of the organs of sense, and powers of prehension and locomotion, are carefully registered. Then follow personal observation and comparison of habits and propensities with the accounts received from friends. These are the data for treatment, and instructions in accordance with them are given to the attendant or nurse. The first efforts are directed to the eradication of bad habits, such as tearing the clothes and wallowing in the dirt. After this, if there exist sufficient power, the pupil has proposed to him, occupations: such as unravelling cocoa fibre for matting, splitting rods for baskets, and the result of his labour, whatever it may be, is always received with praise instead of blame.

When the pupil is indolent, morose, or stubborn, the example of good fellow-pupils is tried, and the imitation of their conduct is encouraged. If he prove incapable from low physical power, the physician's skill is exercised on diet, attention to the condition of the skin, and due medical treatment. The physical state is held to be of the greatest importance, and the appliance of gymnastic exercises is regulated by it. These exercises are first to the upper extremities, and then to the lower and the trunk, and the lessons are enlivened by music.

From the examination of many hundred cases, Dr. Down has found that a malformation of the mouth and the palate is a physical characteristic of nearly all idiots. It is not surprising, therefore, that many of them are mute, semi-mute, or indistinct in utterance. But even the worst of such cases are successfully treated at Earlswood. The method pursued is curious. For example, if the sounds to be caught were those of the letter T, the teacher would first hold up a *top*, which the pupils are made to name collectively; then a *letter*, and lastly a *pot*. In the same manner for D, he would show pictures of a *dog*, a *ladder*, and some object coloured *red*. Hence, when a learner can name every object in the collection, he is able to utter the required words correctly. The result has been that many who could scarcely articulate a sound, can now speak intelligibly and with tolerable correctness. Pictures play an important part in conveying ideas to the pupils, and many of them have learned all they know from pictures. Some of them, who are incapable of reading and writing, have become expert draughtsmen, as may be seen from various specimens of their artistic works which adorn the walls of the Asylum.

Another ingenious mode of conveying instruction, is by engaging the pupils in playing at shop-keeping. A counter is set out with various articles in daily use, at which a boy presides as shopkeeper, while the others come forward in turn and act as buyers. "It is most curious," says Mr. Sidney, "to see what a puzzle it often is to find the correct weight; when it is found, the class is well questioned upon it, and, indeed, on every other weight the shopman touches, before it is put into the scale. Then there is further perplexity in getting the correct quantity of the required substance, as, for instance, sugar, into the scale. When the quantity is large, they will often begin with little spoonfuls, and when, at last, the balance approaches, it is sometimes a thorough poser whether they are to remove some of the commodity or to add to it. All this causes a regular excitement till the due proportions are achieved; and then comes the moment of pay, which is one of great excitement, the whole class trying to check every step in the reckoning. Combinations of pence and halfpence are trying things to get over; and sometimes the purchaser who cannot calculate them uses cunning, and tries to pay with a silver coin, and asks for change, thus throwing his perplexities on the shopman."

The Asylum is at once a hospital, a school, and a workshop within; without, a gymnasium, a garden, and a farm. In the workshops the inmates practise tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, mat-making, and the like. The clothes of the inmates and the attendants are nearly all made by imbeciles, who have learned their trades in the Asylum. They all take a great interest in their work, and are very proud of the results. Some of the lads act as cooks. On a visit to the kitchen, Mr. Sidney found twelve of the pupils, not one of whom, a year previously, could have been trusted near an oven or a fire, neatly dressed in white, helping the regular officials of the kitchen with the greatest order and zeal. One poor fellow acted as scullery-boy, and to show how completely his heart was in his humble occupation, on being asked which he liked best, Earlswood or the establishment where he had previously been, he answered, "O Earlswood great deal;" and on being further questioned "Why?" added, "Because we have a bigger sink." It should be observed, that the pupils are not forced to engage in occupations which they do not like. Each one is allowed to choose the employment for which he has a fancy. Some of them occupy themselves in drawing, and in making models and toys, simply for their own amusement. One of these, a youth of sixteen, has completed a most beautiful model of a frigate fully equipped and rigged with every rope, sail, and spar. The model is of considerable size, and is executed with marvellous neatness and skill. I was informed that the constructor had never seen a ship, and took his first notion from a picture on a pocket-handkerchief, being afterwards assisted by drawings in the Illustrated London News. In the progress of his work, he made a great dis-

covery, namely, that boiling wood rendered it capable of being easily bent. He had never heard of this process, so that the discovery was really his own. With the permission of Dr. Down, this pupil took me to his room to show me the model. His articulation was so imperfect, and his vocabulary so limited, that I could scarcely understand a word he said. He was, I was assured, a true idiot, who could scarcely read or write; yet he could draw admirably, and had made this wonderful ship. Though he could measure well, as his work testified, he had no idea of figures, or of money. I asked him how much the ship had cost him. He said, "Three thousand pounds."

The girls' side of the Asylum comprises, besides the dining-hall and dormitories, a sewing school, and a play-room. In the school the girls are taught to read by the aid of large letters chalked on black boards; they are also employed in useful work; in the afternoon they are allowed to make the fancy articles which may be seen exhibited in the reception-room. In another apartment there is a baby class taught entirely by pictures. In these rooms are stands of flowers and ferns prettily arranged, rendering the place cheerful and attractive. Some of the girls have learned to read and write very well.

The farm, situated at the end of the garden, gives regular employment to twelve of the inmates, and in hay and harvest time brings others from the workshops, who profit greatly by the change. Strolling into the yard, I met one of the idiot farmers dressed in a smock-frock and a wideawake hat. He certainly did not look more idiotic than some farm servants, not supposed to be deficient in mental capacity, whom I had seen outside the Asylum gates. He took me to the cow-house and showed me the cows. There were twenty of them, all in good condition and well provided with straw, and over each stall their attendant had placed a label bearing the cow's name in highly ornamental text. The lad who accompanied me was a good farmer; but a perfect idiot. He could not count the pigs in a sty, though there were barely a dozen of them; but he was a most useful member of the establishment for all that. He spoke very imperfectly. I asked him if he were happy there. He said, "Yes, very happy, but no money." I asked him what he would do with money if he had any. He said, "Buy sweetstuff." A friend came to see him, and he gave the friend particular instructions to send him a seed cake. The farm supplies the establishment with the whole of the milk and butter consumed by the inmates of the Asylum.

Amusement enters largely into the system pursued by Dr. Down. Besides the daily sports on the lawn and in the gymnasium, a theatrical performance is given at Christmas, and a fête at Midsummer. The charade performances have proved highly successful in stimulating into lasting vigour several whom it had been previously impossible to rouse from idiotic de-

pression and apathy. The leading parts are sustained by inmates, assisted by the attendants; the scenery is painted by a youth who, though an excellent artist, is incapable of describing his work intelligibly, or of referring to it except in a jumble of incoherent words. All the woodwork is done by boys in the carpenter's shop. In all these amusements the pupils have the hearty assistance of Dr. Down and Mrs. Down, who are regarded by all in the establishment with the strongest affection. I saw many unmistakable evidences of the regard in which the doctor is held, during my visit. Wherever he appeared on the grounds, the boys and girls ran to him, to talk to him, to ask him questions, and to fondle him. The men and women attendants, too, seemed to be all favourites with the poor imbeciles. I observed no indication that any of them inspired fear. I saw one man humour a tiresome boy with the utmost patience for fully half an hour, and in the end he succeeded in diverting him from the absurd desire he wished to gratify. I do not know upon what principle the attendants are chosen, but I noticed that they were all "good looking," which suggests the theory that good looks and a kind disposition generally go together. The inmates all like the place. Some of them who have gone home for a few weeks have expressed a desire to return to Earlswood and their friend Dr. Down, before the expiration of their leave. One boy actually packed up and walked to the Asylum, saying he could not stay away from "home" any longer. Seeing how they were surrounded by every comfort, and indulged in every way, I could not feel surprised at this; but considering the labour and patience required of those who are employed to watch and tend them, I certainly was not prepared for the statement of one of the female attendants—that she was very happy at Earlswood, that she had been there three years, and that she should not like to go to another place.

It was on the fête-day that I visited Earlswood—a day long and anxiously looked forward to by all the inmates. The amusements on the lawn continued from one o'clock until dusk, consisting of cricket, croquet, Aunt Sally, racing and jumping matches, a performance of Punch and Judy, glees by the singing class, negro melodies by the Earlswood Troupe, and the ascent of a fire balloon. Under the influence of the emulation excited by the racing and jumping for prizes, ranging from a shilling to a penny, the idiotic expression vanished from the faces of the patients in a magical way. In several instances I found it difficult to say whether they were idiots or not. One lad achieved some astonishing feats in bar-jumping, trying again and again until he had accomplished his purpose. I was informed that this boy, when he first entered the Asylum, was incapable of any physical effort whatever. His energies, both mental and physical, had been roused chiefly by gymnastic exercises. In all the sports, I noticed that Dr. Down and the attendants joined on equal terms with the patients, and thus set them

all perfectly at their ease. The only refractory subject was a fat boy, whose accomplishments consisted in standing on his head, and in the execution of a dance in frog fashion, which he was ready to perform any number of times on the slightest encouragement. The fat boy's idiosyncrasy was to be always out of humour and always grumbling. He was last in all the races, but would insist upon a prize; in the pole-climbing he had to be hoisted up on the shoulders of an attendant. When the attendant dropped him, he came forward to the doctor in a triumphant manner, and held out his hand for a prize. In all cases he had one. They were all extremely fond of money, but the amount was of no consequence. They were just as well pleased with a penny as with a shilling.

The results of the system pursued at Earlswood are very great, very astonishing. Are they desirable? Is it incumbent upon those who have the charge of idiots, to do their utmost to rouse their dormant faculties and restore the broken and defaced image to the likeness of Him who made it? If these questions are to be answered in the affirmative, to do anything less than is done at Earlswood would be to fail in a great and sacred duty. Dr. Down's system is purely one of kindness, and it was not long before I perceived that his uniform and scrupulous kindness, his minute attention to every case, his liberal employment of every means calculated to divert the mind and promote the health of the body, were the true causes of the great expense of which some persons have complained. There is no doubt that the inmates of Earlswood might be kept and maintained for considerably less money; but this could only be done by reducing the number of attendants, and the success attained, by dispensing with many sanitary precautions, by adopting mechanical restraints, and by otherwise limiting the comforts and enjoyments of the inmates. For example, I found in the grounds some twenty or thirty attendants going about among the patients, watching them without appearing to watch them, laughing and chatting, joining in the sports, and taking infinite pains to divert their minds from the particular notions which possess them. In the good old times, this was done by a third of the number of attendants; but then they saved labour and the money of the patrons by chaining the patients to their bedsteads, by strapping them to boards, and by beating them until they were insensible. A blow is a cheap and effective quieter, there is no doubt. Dirt, filth, and unwholesome food, are also cheap, but they are nasty too, and, I trust, wholly distasteful to the humane and Christian feeling of the times in which we live.

Relatively, the expenses at Earlswood may be larger than absolutely necessary, but I was quite convinced from what I saw, that the system pursued by Dr. Down could not be carried out without great liberality. The number of attendants; the various workshops, with all their fittings and appliances; the schools, the



play-rooms, the works of art and ornament, the organised entertainments, the cheerful gardens; are all necessary and essential to the subtle process by which these poor idiots are coaxed, and petted, and insensibly led into developing their latent faculties, and assuming, as near as possible, the attributes of useful and intelligent human beings. One item of expense may be reasonably objected to—that of the mere ornamental parts of such an edifice. It surely can never be necessary to burden a charitable institution with an enormous rent in the form of interest of capital, or an incubus in the much more depressing form of a heavy building debt.

### FETISHES.

WHAT is a fetish? Generally a bundle of rags, a mass of rubbish, and a muttered charm; sometimes a tree, a stone, a bird, or a beast, or it may be a filthy insect, or it may be a mere place. Out of these materials the poor benighted savages, on whom we spend millions to bring them to a clearer sense of truth, make a something which thenceforth rules their lives and determines their actions—a dread, a power, a forbidding influence, an incorporate denial to human wish and need, a shadowy scourge held over all their life. A fetish is a bugbear; and a bugbear is a moral spectre, miserably thin but tremendously strong—a vampire; which is a ghost that will not lie quietly with the dead body, but wanders abroad, viewless and intangible, to feed on the living juices of healthy men.

Now, it is all very well to spend millions on the African savages for the purpose of inducing them to despise their fetishes, and to go about their forests and villages like reasonable men, without starting or stumbling over their own rag dolls, but I should like to know in what are we so very much their superiors? We laugh at their fetishes, but are our own much better? Analyse them, and I think we shall come to rags, rubbish, a muttered charm of words, a special place, a few bones and stones and splinters of wood, as making up the most of them; sometimes to beasts and insects as well—at least in symbol—for the British lion is a hustings and fine-writing fetish to this day; the Gallic cock, the French eagle, and the Napoleonic bee, express, each of them, a different fetish to the French mind; and “the bird of Freedom, that makes its home in the setting sun,” is a symbolic fetish to Cousin Jonathan, which not the bravest dare insult, or say to its face what a miserable cheat and impostor it is. Let us, however, lift up the skirts of a few of our own rag and rubbish fetishes, and leave other people’s alone. Throwing stones when we live in glass houses is neither a wise nor profitable employment, and is rather apt to lead to what old writers used to call “a bloody cock’s-comb,” in nine cases out of ten well deserved.

And first, there is the law, with its silk gowns and its stuff ones, its horsehair wigs and caba-

listic spells, its javelin-men, and its wonderful distinction of persons administering; and if all this be not fetishism—the fetishism of adherence to an obsolete past—I should like to know what is. Why should a respectable old gentleman be smothered in a huge mass of powdered Charles the Second big-curler horse-tail, which makes his poor old head ache and his poor old eyes dim and feverish, because it was the fashion generations ago? Why should he be huddled up in a dense cloud of silk and ermine in the dog-days, when he is already swathed in the conventional garments of broadcloth and fine linen, which most gentlemen find quite sufficient for daily wear? Why should fine handsome personable men, with Brutus crops and coal-black whiskers, make themselves frights in funny little wigs with tails and a bow at the back, and a bald patch on the top commemorative of the tonsure? And why should they look like maniacs who had borrowed their wives’ cloaks, with their coat-tails depending below their loosely flapping gowns? Why should all this be if we were not savages at heart, and afraid of our own stupid fetishes at Westminster? People say that the majesty of the law demands this rag-dollism; also that it demands the muttered charm which constitutes an oath, and after which a falsehood becomes quite a different thing to what it was before. (It was only a sin before, now it is a crime; and the two things are as different as the grub and the fly in the scale of social morals. I say nothing of their relation to absolute truth.) It may be so; we ignorant outsiders cannot, perhaps, judge of what habits deem majesty, but I must say that to this ignorant outsider now writing, the rags and rubbish and muttered charms enumerated, seem to be merely the lowest kind of fetishism, not a bit more respectable than what the African savages hang round their medicine men.

Are not all legal instruments, too, of the nature and being of a fetish? When “This Indenture,” in grand flourishes, witnesseth a contract of partnership—perhaps of marriage—between A. B. and C. D., and then flounders on through a wilderness of words which I defy any of the uninitiated to understand in their true meaning, seeing that they seem to express everything they do not intend, and to burke everything they do; when it disdains quiet commonplace nineteenth-century English, and still sticks to it sold Norman-French and abominable Latin; what is that but a fetish, just as absolute as those which we strain so many missionary nerves to grind into powder and cast into the fire? And why—following up the track—should it be one of the functions of my Right Reverend Father in God the Lord Bishop of Anywhere, to give me his gracious permission to take Miss Rosa Mundy to be my lawful wife? And why cannot I take Miss Rosa without this permission, and still remain Respectable? That young person and I have made up our minds to plunge into the greatest of all the seas of chance, and for the life of me I cannot understand what my Right Reverend Father in God has to do with the matter. I know

I can, if I choose, snap my fingers in his face, and make Miss Rosa happy (or unhappy, as the case may be) without his sanction; but so can the African savage kick his fetish if he has pluck enough; only he dares not, because of that something, that vague power, that unspoken dread, which he himself has conferred upon his rag and rubbish heap.

Two fetishes guard the gates of life; in other words, they are hung over the doors of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons. One fetish goes by the name of Professional Orthodoxy; the other is the Formula of the Prescription. Now, it would seem to the uneducated in such matters, that the mission of medicine is to heal, and not to follow the mere manner of our forefathers; and that, whosoever can bring the art of healing to greater perfection and more certainty, he is the great man of the medical generation, be he of the royal colleges or an outsider—orthodox, or of the free school. But the fetish chalks on the black board a cabalistic sign that looks like M.D., and says "No, we will have only medicine men duly qualified by ourselves, and we will not recognise the degrees conferred by nature, knowledge, or experience; these are uncertificated and uncovenanted services, and we despise their successful methods, and laugh at their beards. The mission of medicine is to heal, if you can, by prescribed means, and to uphold the authority of the royal colleges; but chiefly to uphold this authority, and to repudiate any method of healing outside the prescribed means."

Well! that is one fetish swinging grimly over the gates of life, and a formidable and most tyrannical fetish he is, as many a desolate home and rank graveyard can testify; the other is not quite so harmful, being of the nature of a spell or charm expressed by the symbols R  $\bar{z}$ , j for i, very badly written Latin words instead of intelligible English ones, and a vile mish-mash of directions at the end, which the chemist is supposed to decipher and write in plain mother tongue on the label of the bottle. Why sane people with their ordinary allowance of brains, of the ordinary number and depth of convolutions, could not put this fetish behind the fire, I cannot understand. Would it be such a very terrible revolution in the medical world if a patient, or rather a patient's friends, were told that he was going to take glycerine and iron, or rhubarb and magnesia, or blue pill and black draught, in the language in which we have been taught to say our prayers and blow up our servants, instead of in a queer old monkish rigmale that would have sent Cicero into fits, and put an end to the days of Quintilian before his time? No one can defend the practice; it is just a fetish and nothing more; a gree-gree, as absurd, unsubstantial, irrational, and destructive to truth and freedom as any mass of rags and rubbish and muttered charms, hung up against the trees and temples of an African village.

And is not our respect to mere rank—rank

per se, and not because it is associated with greater nobleness, or retrospective of a mighty time and a glorious name, but merely because it is rank, and a title to roll pleasantly between the lips—is not that a fetish too, of a like kindred to the African's? Why should My lord set our hearts in a glow when he condescends to the social equality of an hour? And why should My lady's soft eyes and genial smile be so very, very much more beautiful than the little confectioner girl's at the corner, whom yet, I think, young Maulstick, our artist friend, would pronounce the more beautiful creature of the two?

Why? Because My lord and My lady wear fetishes stuck all over them, and we fall down and worship the work of our own hands. Very patent and declared are some of the fetishes with which we endow each other. Ribbons, and stars, and garters, and crosses, and orders, and so many stripes on the sleeve, and such and such a pattern of gold on the shoulder, the shape of a hat, the colour of a bunch of feathers, the cut of a coat, and whether the trousers come down to the ankles or are snipped off short at the knee, the skins of beasts—especially the skin of a certain kind of polecat—the colour of a bit of coarse bunting and whether it is red, white, or blue, the pattern of a certain metal head-dress, and what kind of crosses and leaves and balls make up the ornaments; the shapes cut into bits of stone, and painted on carriages, on hall chairs, on windows, hammercloths, screens, as well as engraved on silver spoons and pap-boats—all these, and more than these, are fetishes pure and simple, hanging like mill-stones round the neck of freedom, and bending that and the knee-joints whether you like it or no. A fetish the hereditary system, too. Oh! a grand-sounding, high-headed fetish that! sometimes making more conspicuous the true king—the real leader of men—and sometimes consecrating to limitless mischief the miserable mistake who, but for this, would have been quietly laid hold of by the heels, and set to drill in the wholesome army of disciplined workers. Protected by his fetish men kneel at his feet instead, and so erect into a scourge for their own backs what else they might have employed in weeding potatoes or thrashing corn. Men are very silly about their fetishes at all times, but the fetish of hereditary rule, when the hereditary ruler is a fiend or a fool, is the most amazing silliness of all.

Turn now to the "pomp of ceremonial," as people call it, and say, if you please, where we in England are superior to the savage who smears his body with red paint, and tattoos his face into a high-dress pattern; who wears eagle's feathers and shark's teeth and glass beads and scarlet cloth; and who thinks himself ever so much a grander fellow than he was, if he has a fathom or two of brass wire, or an extra roll of "American domestics." Take our lord mayor's show as one example; we will come to others by-and-by. Gilt coaches, running footmen with long staves in their hands

utterly useless, men in armour—how Sir Launcelot, singing *tira lira* by the river, would have laughed at them!—great gaudy chains worn over great gaudy gowns, aldermen in furred robes, and learned clerks in square caps, bits of silk stitched round a pole and called banners, sober citizens dressed up like children's dolls in snippets and fragments of silk and tinsel, the whole honest ordinary life of work and home turned inside out, and made like nothing in heaven and earth—that is a lord mayor's show, high-court of the rag and rubbish fetish. But the culmination of this class of fetishism is at court drawing-rooms and levees, when we are proud to parade ourselves as utter and entire savages, whose humanity is oppressed by the fetish of tailormen, and who are no longer men and women with souls to be saved, but merely animated dummies for barbers and jewellers and tailors and milliners to do what they like with. Why is it, because I go to pay my respects (a fetishism in itself) to the queen or the charming young princess—neither of whom knows me from Adam, or cares to see me again, or would give a second thought to my fate if I set off on the long mileless journey to-morrow—why should I be compelled to put on knee-breeches for the display of my miserable legs? Why must I wear a ridiculous coat like a beadle's? Why must I damage my own shins and my neighbour's, with a sword that will stick out the wrong way, and that, do what I will, I cannot any more manage with ease and dexterity, than Noodle and Doodle manage theirs in the tragedy of Tom Thumb? Why must my wife spend a sum of pounds upon a long length of silk which she puts on over her gown proper, behind, and which the great art is to let trail on the ground like a peacock's tail, only it is not half so beautiful? Why should she be obliged to put three white feathers down one side of her head and face, and two long lengths of lace into her "back hair"? Why should she uncover those dear old shoulders of hers to the pitiless light of day and the more pitiless eyes of the court? Why must she run the risk of catching cold by changing her comfortable ribbed merino stockings and rational house boots, for the thinnest silk and satin to be procured for love or money?

Why should all this be? And why should a court dress be regarded as a passport to certain moral and social consideration, if we were not all given over to fetishism, bound hand and foot under the shadow of rags? Ah! what an essay might be written on rags—from the velvet rags of the worn-out throne, to the prison rags of the dead convict! Yes, the whole of a court-day costume is fetishism, as indeed is all fashion whatever. And a most potent fetish too; which it is as much as a man's very life is worth to insult.

Fancy a lank lean uncrinolined petticoatless lady at a Queen's Ball, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four! Would not all the little yelping worshippers of the

millinery fetish set upon her like so many excited beagles, and bark her into a corner and social extinction altogether? Fancy, too, a "morning dress" of brown merino at a *grande soirée*, or a low muslin in the morning, though it be the dog-days. And yet what inherent virtue is there in one cut of the cloth more than in another? And why should that be disallowed at twelve A.M. which is de rigueur at seven P.M.? Imagine *Aspasia* in Ionic chiton and graceful saffron-coloured peplum falling to her heels, walking down Pall Mall with head uncovered and rosy feet—a trifle spread, we should say—shod in sandals! What would all the clubs say to this rebel against the reigning fetish? There are men in those clubs who would face a *Balaclava* charge without wincing, but I doubt if one among them would give *Aspasia* his arm. Still less would he give it to the noblest woman now living on this earth, if she had made herself up in tunic and "pantalets," and walked abroad as a full-fledged Bloomer, disdainful of lengths of silk. Yet *Fatima* and *Zuleika* may wear a like costume, and be taken as models for pictures and poems and ballets and Christmas pieces for the same; but poor *Jane Smith*!—*Zuleika's* fetish and *Jane's* have different names, you see, and are not interchangeable.

Again, is not our military costume a fetish, whatever else may be of free birth? The high tight stock, and the burning scarlet cloth, and the tight-buttoned, thickly-padded, pocketless coat, and the tight-buttoned, almost-pocketless trousers, and all the darling pipeclay and barrack finery, absurd enough at home but in hot countries simply destructive—what is it but a fetish? a fetish made of rags and routine, but suffered to sit on men's necks till it chokes them, and they fall down dead beneath its weight! A fetish, too, is complimentary mourning; or, indeed, mourning of any kind when the survivors are poor and bread is hard to get for the children. The poor dead ghost would rest none the less safely in its narrow bed, if the scanty means left behind went for boots and beef, and, perhaps, a month's extra schooling, instead of black cloth and deep swathes of crape, and stuffy crape veils, and dusty feathers tied up in bunches and put on the top of a black chest set on wheels, and big blocks of stone, and all the savage paraphernalia of a Christian burial. Of course no law compels you to worship this fetish; but then, remember, if you rebel in these things you fall under the shadow of another fetish—a terribly potent Old Man of the Sea, whose name is Respectability, and whose kingdom is unlimited and his power without check.

Is it not a fetish, the habit of paying morning calls, which however are always afternoon calls; when every one expects to find every one else abroad, and when no one dares, for the life of him, call either in the morning or in the evening, when there would be a better chance of finding friends in their own drawing-rooms? And if this denial is a fetish, what is the habit of "leaving cards," without

even asking who is within? and, could they be seen? If we were to hear of a tribe of naked Makebelieves, who went about their mud villages dropping little bits of torn leaves, or fragments of "tappa" stamped with their "totems" and sign manuals, at each other's wigwam doors, what would we think of them? How we would chuckle over our own superior enlightenment, and pityingly make mouths at their gross savagery! And if these little bits of leaves and fragments of tappa were held by the Makebelieves to mean kindness, and good will, and, I will serve you on the first opportunity, and, God bless you and all the house, and, my heart is yours, and, I hope you are all well, and, I am devoted to you, and, have you had the measles? and, I am immensely attached to you and hope you are not going to be scalped, for then I can never call again—and if all these fine things were never by any chance translated into any other language of deeds save this dropping of torn leaves and fragments of tappa at the wigwam doors—what a throwing up of spiritual caps there would be, and what a footing of spiritual "triumph dances," and what an universal crowing and spiritual cockadoodle-doodom all through Christendom at the contrast between its own crystalline civilisation and the bleak blank ignorance of the savages in the wilds! For fetishes have the not uncommon power of blinding human eyes, and making our own black appear snow-white but our neighbour's light-grey the jettiest of jet black, as a compensation. Then there is another fetish connected with this matter of visiting, namely, the day or days. We in England have a loose, sprawling, all legs-and-arms fetish, extending over the six working days of the week, and even invading the seventh; and unless we are fashionable, and in London, we cannot contract these loose-lying members, and bring them up into a compact little once-a-week visiting-day fetish. The French, on the contrary, have theirs so retracted, and contracted, and circumscribed, and pared down, that you mortally offend its airy laws if you do not remember it has only one day assigned to it out of the seven—only one day in all the week when you can go and talk scandal with madame, and carry bouillons to mademoiselle, and envy or admire, according to your sex and the circumstances attending.

Again, the necessity for giving large parties, if you would make yourself a somebody in society, is nothing but a fetish set up on two stout legs—ostentation and rivalry. The need of an introduction before you can speak comfortably with your neighbour, and the absolute impossibility of exchanging a genial word with a well-bred stranger in any public place or on any neutral ground save a railway carriage, is also a fetish, and one that deserves more speedy annihilation than many another. As do all customs, habits, and observances which make forms of more account than humanity, and which stint and stunt and check the outgrowth of nature in favour of a made-up gree-gree, without meaning, truth, or beauty in it.

Then what fetishism reigns in the political world! A fetishism almost as big as that whole world itself, having just a few free corners and sun-lighted spots where the soul of man may rest and be thankful. The American Union is a fetish—a ghastly, blood-bedaubed, howling, shrieking fetish. The maintenance of iniquitous treaties because they were once made, is a fetish; and the preservation of the Pope, poor old gentleman, as the triply-crowned sovereign of the Catholic world and the obstructive of Italy, is again a fetish of the same class. The Custom-house is a fetish; and the passport system is a fetish; that Austria should have a seaboard is a bouncing fetish; and the Balance of Power is a highly etherialised esoteric fetish, always turning up in unexpected places. Fetishes all are close societies, and corporate bodies, and brotherly bondages to which a man must belong if he wish to succeed in any certain walk or work, and without which union the best work he can turn out will not secure him bread and cheese, not to speak of beer and butter. Fetishes are all ordinations—mere muttered charms which are assumed to make a man better than he was before, and something different, too, to what he was before. Not by virtue of his own truth and goodness and insight into spiritual things and fitness for guiding men's souls up to God, but by virtue of the charm—by the grace of the verbal fetish. Fetishes, the vows of monks and nuns, when once the term of spontaneous assent is passed, and the human life is held by the pressure of the vow, and not by the free gift of the free will; and something of fetishism is in the dress, too, as well as in the vow; though this may have a meaning, which fetishes do not often have, in that it enables the wearer to pass freely and without insult, where the ordinarily clad could not go.

A fetish lies in the long hair of women and the cropped polls of men; why may not women (if they like it) cut their hair short, and put their heads into their baths every morning, without being called masculine? And why may not men wear their hair long and flowing as far as nature will permit, without being called effeminate? I own I don't like to see either the one or the other, but then I also know that in this I am a fetish worshipper, and by no means a free-born Briton exercising an unbiased judgment. A little while ago, a shaven chin was an absolute fetish; now, a bearded one seems as if it were going to usurp the place, and be a fetish in its turn. Once, we had a fetish called Honour, to whom men did reverence with blood, and often with their lives; now, we have a fetish called Success, who is almost as cruel and quite as untrue. For, let a man be never so great and never so good, and his life's work of never so noble a pattern, yet if he does not attain worldly success (as represented by money, chiefly, in our country), we immediately hold him tabooed and ourselves released from the obligation of love and respect, pooh-poohing his work as of no account and not coming into the sum of human progress. For we are so blind,



and such astounding fools in our judgments on each other, that we cannot distinguish the sower from the reaper, nor see how, if it had not been for him who set the seed, we should never have been invited to the banquets of him who sheared the harvest. All because of that dull-eyed, open-mouthed, crooked-clawed fetish which we have set up over against the workshops of mankind, and which, if any great thinker or heroic doer does not incontinently bow down to and worship, we take from off its peg and beat about his ears till he falls, destroyed by the fetish of success, to which he has not paid his dues.

### SUPERSTITIONS OF SULIAC.

At the extremity of the parish of St. Suliac, on the right bank of the Rance, and at the entrance of the creek of La Couailles, on a point of rock jutting out on the shore, is a grotto called the Den of the Fairy of Bec-Dupuy.

This excavation is raised some feet above the level of the soil. Often at sunrise or sunset is seen rising from it a vapour, white, blue, green, rose-colour, which rises, falls, spreads, floats, melts, and finally displays the form of a woman divinely beautiful—the Fairy, or the Lady Dupuy, she is called in the Brittany country. Often she roams on the shore; her garments glitter with all the colours of the rainbow; and the stars pale before the diamonds that crown her brow. Sometimes she sits on the turf of the cliffs, and dreamingly plucks the petals of the white daisies, which the wind carries away to other shores, with the odour of the wild thyme and the marjoram which her rosy fingers press. She passes light as a bird over the tall grasses of the downs; she speaks to no one, and flies from the sight of men.

Formerly she was sovereign of the place, now on the rocks she weeps for her lost power; the human voice alarms her, and she flies to moan with the winds in the deepest caverns.

Many centuries has she seen pass over the mountains, and yet her polished brow is smooth as if it had known eighteen summers at the most.

She saw Julius Cæsar and the Gauls; she saw the Druids fly before the servants of the true God; she saw the cross raised on the summit of the hills of Brittany, her country, and those who worshipped her disappear one by one in the tomb; she saw her altars fall, and the walls of her temples crumble. Her power has faded like the mists of a spring morning before the sunshine. Alone she remains on the shore, and wanders in the mournful penance to which she is condemned, until the gates of heaven shall be opened to her.

At her voice of old the winds were stilled, the waves calmed, the sea became smooth and clear as a crystal lake. Every fisherman, ere he started on an expedition, came to the beach to offer his homage to the goddess who rendered

the wind favourable and the fishing successful. The wives, the daughters, the sisters, the sweet-hearts of the absent ones, came to lay garlands and flowers at the entrance of her impenetrable grotto, guarded by a pack of invisible hounds, whose savage barkings warned off any who might be so imprudent as to attempt to penetrate into the mysteries of the place.

Since the Saviour, dying for us on the cross, destroyed the worship of idols, the Fairy's Grotto far more rarely sees her than of old, and when she appears in her ancient domains the apparition is supposed to augur ill. Often does she leave behind traces of vengeance, and instead of protecting human beings she frequently injures them, and is pitiless for their tears.

Long ago some shepherds returning from the pastures at the fall of day, found a young girl expiring at the entrance of the grotto. They questioned her, and with the utmost difficulty she made the following recital:

"Long have I been in the habit of coming to this place to meet my betrothed who lives at the other side of the water. Never once had he failed to keep our tryst until three days ago, at which time the fairy appeared to me. From that time I have watched for him in vain; the wind and the sea have been against him, but, nevertheless, I should still have hoped had not the fairy reappeared. Last night at moonrise I heard a little noise behind me, like the fluttering of wings. I sprang up, thinking to see him I waited for, imagining that his approach had frightened some sea-bird hidden among the reeds.

"Before me stood the Lady Dupuy. I strove to fly but my strength failed me, I fell to the ground and remained there as you have found me. My days are numbered; bring me a priest; the fairy said words to me which leave me no doubt of my approaching fate. My betrothed is no more! What has life left for me? Go, friends, the time presses, and my strength is failing me."

The shepherds carried her on their shoulders to the village: she sent for her confessor, repeated to him all that has been already related, and, having received the sacrament, expired.

The Curé of St. Suliac, followed by a numerous assemblage, cross and banners at their head, proceeded to the grotto, and there summoned the fairy to appear. Three times the call was repeated, and (as, perhaps, may not seem inexplicable, all things considered) no result being obtained, he exorcised her, and ordered her in the name of God never to reappear in the place.

Nothing was visible, but a wild wail issued from the mountain, and imprecations which froze the blood of the listeners were repeated by the echoes of the valleys of the Rance, and no one doubted that, but for the presence of the pastor, the flock would never have reached the fold in safety.

Since then, the fairy has occasionally been seen wandering in the moonlight, but she flies at

the approach of men; for, over them, thanks to the intercession of Mary (of course), she has no longer power.

On returning along the sands the procession found a dead body, left by the tide. It was found to be that of the young sailor, the betrothed of the poor girl, who, a new Leander, had been daily in the habit of swimming across the Rance to visit his Hero, and who had, through the malignant arts of the fairy, shared the fate of his prototype, and, as a last stroke of her vengeance, been cast a lifeless corse at the feet of the clergy. The curé had the body taken up and buried in consecrated ground.

The Grotto of the Fairy is still one of the objects of interest for tourists. It is sometimes called the Grotto of Dogs, because there may often be heard issuing from it a sound like the growling and distant barking of dogs.

That these sounds really exist is positive. They may be the echoes of the waves, or they may proceed from currents of air sweeping through the cavern; but so singular are they that it is difficult to enter the cave without feeling considerably impressed by them.

#### THE THREE CORPSES.

This is no old wife's story, say the people of St. Suliac; it is a true history, and the facts occurred before the lamentable days of '93.

Four or five young men of the bourg of St. Suliac, returning from one of the neighbouring villages, passed, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, through the graveyard. They had advanced but a few steps, when they perceived before the reliquary three women kneeling in prayer; they approached the women, advising them to accompany them home. In vain; the devotees remained motionless, not even turning their heads. Their silent immobility made the young men feel a little uneasy.

"They are mortes (dead women), boys; let us pass on," said the most religious of the band, crossing himself.

"Not a bit of it!" said another. "Women never made me fly yet; dead or alive I'll see them nearer. Let he who loves me follow me!" So saying, he advanced towards the kneeling group.

"Don't go, Archange," remonstrated his companions; "leave the women alone; they are not, perhaps, what they appear, and if you trouble them you may come to grief."

But Archange, without respect for the place, or heed for the counsels of his friends, advanced to where the women still knelt, and addressed some words to them. Receiving no answer, he snatched off the coiffe\* of one of the women, and returned to display it to his comrades.

\* The coiffe is the cap worn by all the peasant women and girls, none but children going bare-headed. In Brittany nearly every village has its own coiffe, and at the fêtes, where the people for miles round assemble, the woman of each *bourg* or *pays* may be distinguished by the form of her coiffe.

"What have you done?" they exclaimed. "Suppose she comes to reclaim her coiffe?"

"I'll give it her back, but not without a kiss, for she appeared to be very pretty."

"Pretty or ugly, it is a great shame for a fellow to take off a woman's cap like that."

The young men separated; and Archange went home, put the coiffe in his cupboard, and went to bed and to sleep without thinking any more of the matter.

But next morning, on opening the cupboard, what sight met his eyes! He started back with a cry that brought all the family around him—in the place where he had put the coiffe lay a skull.

Archange, too terrified to touch the dreadful object, shut up the cupboard, and went forthwith to confession.

"My son," said the priest, "your sin is great, but, thanks to your repentance, it may yet be repaired. At midnight the skull will again become a coiffe; take it without fear, but piously and solemnly, and place it on the head of the dead woman whose repose you have troubled. But before doing this you must get some neighbour to entrust to you a young child at the breast; you must carry it in your arms, and do not let it go for an instant either on your way to the churchyard, when you are near the dead women, nor even on your way home. Go now, and do never again trouble the rest of the dead."

At midnight the young man opened the cupboard, the skull had disappeared, and there lay the coiffe. He took it with a shudder and proceeded to the cemetery, carrying in his arms a little baby which his sister had entrusted to him. There were the three dead women; gently he advanced to the bare-headed one, and reverently placed on her head the coiffe he had taken from her the previous night.

At that moment she sprang up and gave him such a sounding box on the ear that he remained half stunned; then the three disappeared with these words:

"Imprudent youth, thou art lucky to have taken counsel of one wiser than thyself; had it not been for the angel thou bearest in thy arms, to-night thou wouldst have slept with us in the tomb where we have slept a hundred years."

From that night Archange never entered the churchyard save on his way to church; and his companions and the rest of the young men imitated his respect for the dead.

#### JEANNE MALOBE.

You cannot have been born at St. Suliac if you have not heard of Jeanne Malobe. But as it occasionally happens that people are born elsewhere, it will not be unreasonable for these persons to ask who Jeanne Malobe may be?

To get an answer to the question is not so easy; everybody knows her, but no one can tell who she is, whence she comes, or whither she goes. She is a wonderful workwoman, a

marvellous spinster; although very old, she might serve as a model to any housewife. She may be seen of an evening at the fountain of Vorvaye, seated on a hawthorn-bush; she spins all the night through her distaff of flax finer and more glistening than the moon-beams; she whirls her spindle rapidly, and sings to a sad and low chant unintelligible words, in a voice so faint and feeble that the rattling of her nails on the iron of the distaff renders it impossible even to guess in what language are the words of her song. Old, and worn, and toothless as she is, you will find in the morning all the bushes covered with the fruit of her night's labour. Her features are soft and regular; her complexion, despite her great age, is clear and fresh; and her blue and white clothes are always beautifully clean. As Vorvaye is a marshy spot, she always sits on a bush, and takes, by choice, a hawthorn. She washes her thread at the spring of Vorvaye, and, having bestowed on it the quality of dissolving soap and rendering linen spotlessly white, the washerwomen who take a pride in the fair colour of their clothes resort thither in numbers. And as, in order to keep their places, they must pass the night on the spot, they see at dawn her glistening silver threads which wave among the branches of the furze, and which the angels wind to weave the robes of the virgins whom God has called to the skies to follow in the train of the Queen of Heaven.

Never has she been seen idle: she spins and spins her life long; sometimes she is to be seen at Vorvaye, sometimes at the fence of Malobe, from whence has been taken her name, and which she allows no one to cross when she is there. Occasionally she has been met running among the warrens, waving her distaff and pursuing a number of animals of fantastic shapes; and she has much ado to keep away the Menée Ankiné, which would infallibly break and entangle all her thread.

This Menée Ankiné, well known through all parts of Brittany under various names, is a pack composed of dogs, foxes, cats, badgers, martens, ferrets; in short, all sorts of carnivorous animals which have lived, and which, returning to the earth, assume the most enormous proportions. They howl, yell, bark, mew, utter all the sounds that once naturally belonged to them, and drive before them pell-mell horses, cows, asses, calves, pigs, fowls, ducks, turkeys, that have been left at night in the fields or without the fowl-houses; the poor creatures flying in terror with cries of distress before the infernal pack. And though at every turning some fall exhausted, the number of victims continually increases.

Woe to the man who crosses the path of the Menée Ankiné! Never does he live to tell the tale, for, next morning, his lifeless body is found among the mangled and half-devoured remains of the various animals that have been run down and destroyed.

Jeanne alone has no fear of the Menée, and she will not suffer it to cross her domains.

Jeanne has never harmed any one, yet she is feared and fled from. Often she weeps on the border of the marshes by the road that leads to Bignon, and she only looks up and ceases her work when the man without a head, who wanders in those places, passes by. The man without a head is as great a mystery as Jeanne.

About thirty years ago he met and spoke to a woman of the pays, named Catherine Signeury. What he said she never revealed to mortal—not even to her confessor—and from that day she ceased not to speak of her approaching end. She fell into a state of languor from which no medicine could revive her, and she died without any visible malady some months afterwards, only saying, "The Headless Man of the Bignon-road predicted it to me."

Jeanne Malobe knows him and his history, but no one has ever dared to question her concerning it or her own; and when he has passed her by, saluting her with a wave of his hand, she resumes her spindle and distaff, and begins once more the spinning of the silver thread which it is said that she must spin eternally, to make the vestments of the virgins and the saints.

#### THE FAIRIES OF THE RANCE.

The Fairies of the Rance are as good as they are pretty. They are not like the cruel Lady of the Bec-Dupuy, nor Campion's Hare, nor the Den-Bleiz, the terrible Loup-Garou. The Den-Bleiz, a fierce and savage wolf, is a man deprived of his natural form after being excommunicated for committing many dreadful crimes, followed by a false oath on the Cross. He is destined to wander every night in the form of a wolf, and to roam hill and dale until he can receive from the hand of a child of twelve years old a wound with a knife in the middle of the forehead. As, however, no child has yet been found disposed to bar his passage, the Den-Bleiz, or Loup-Garou, wanders still.

If you want to see the Fairies of the Rance, you must come to its borders when the wind howls, mingling with the voice of the thunder, when the sky lowers, and the waters of the river dash against the rocks. There, on the dark and troubled waves, you will see hundreds of tiny figures, blue, white, rose, lilac, green, dancing, floating, disappearing beneath the water, springing into the air, forming chains and circles of fantastic dances; or, languidly stretched on the surface of the tide, their heads resting on their hands, these lovely imps, clothed in all the colours of the rainbow, idly follow the caprices of the stream which rocks them, now scattering, now throwing them together, till it brings them to the mouth of some little tributary, where they assemble in crowds round one figure yet lovelier than all the rest.

This being, clad in floating robes of gossamer, crowned with diamonds, and seated in a bark formed of a nautilus-shell, drawn by two crayfish with emerald eyes, is the queen of the glittering band, and these aerial forms which spring from the clefts and hollows of the rocks are the fairies and genii who have empire over the

waters. Their beloved queen is all-powerful in her dominions; she directs the course of the waters, she moderates the violence of the winds, and she commands the river to spare the lives and the property of those dwelling on the banks, and compels it to cast safely ashore those who may have been overwhelmed in its torrent.

It is said that one day, tired of the homage of her subjects and of her solitary grandeur, she fled from her court, and landing on the island of Notre-Dame, she seated herself on the shore by a tuft of pink heather. A young sailor, studying navigation, and only waiting till the weather should permit his vessel to put to sea, spied the fairy land, and, amazed at the sight of such grace and loveliness, he, hiding behind a rock, remained in mute and delighted contemplation.

The queen, believing herself to be alone, took off her royal mantle, and resting her head on a tuft of soft grass, she fell into a profound slumber. The young man, gently stealing from his hiding-place, came and knelt beside her, respectfully waiting her awaking.

The fairies, missing her, sought her in all directions, till, at last, seeing her boat moored by the isle, they proceeded thither, and finding a stranger thus close to their mistress, they seized and were about to throw him into the river, when the queen, awaking, ordered them to retire.

The young man, falling at her feet, entreated to be told who was his enchanting preserver.

The queen, lifting her voice into a soft and delicious melody, chanted the following words:

What I am thou canst not know,  
Thy feeble mind cannot conceive of my state.  
What I am no mortal can be;  
After thy God I have full power over thee.  
I am to thee that perfumed flower  
Which the zephyr loves silently to kiss;  
I am that flickering light  
Which on these shores appears at midnight.

Now on the dungeon, in a vapour grey,  
I appear to mortals;  
Now in the corner of the evening hearth  
My voice sighs or sings softly.  
Sometimes I am the tender dew  
Which in the morning veils the grass,  
And I am the liquid pearl  
Which in spring eves glitters on the young wheat.

The bubble which evaporates in the air  
And indicates thy lot I send forth,  
The cave of the winds, the land of the night and of  
the morning  
Behold me the same day.  
I am the finch, the light swallow,  
The sparrow, the winged guest of the valley,  
The nightingale, the gauzy fly,  
The wren, the agile gnat.

Seest thou at evening, roaming on the cliffs,  
A shadow, black or white by turns,  
A wandering marsh-fire, a blazing light,  
Which puts the love-songs of the heart to silence?

I am a voice, the echo of your mountains,  
The orb of day, the dull sound of the torrent,  
The flower of the woods, the spirit of the fields,  
The winged singer, singing of death.

At night I am the freezing breeze  
That visits the yews, a messenger of death.  
I am in the golden robe, the ring of the betrothed,  
The child that laughs and weeps and sleeps.  
Mortal! I am the griefs of life,  
The good, the evil, the hope of your bright days,  
The rainbow harmoniously brilliant,  
The voice of God that is for ever and for ever.

I am in the raging sea,  
I love the winds. The terror of the sailor,  
The black ship at the dark watch  
Holds me on her deck, and I command the waves.  
Then my voice surmounts the voice of the tempest,  
I am life to Satan, heaven-banished!  
I am the voice of the evening, the joy of feasts,  
The murmur of the great sea, telling of infinity!

A day will come when to the bottom of the abyss  
Thou wilt descend, following the course of the great  
river.

Weak mortal! thou wilt be the victim  
Of the foolish pride which will cut off thy days.  
Then thy soul, quitting the clay  
Which the great God made to enclose it,  
Will form the shooting star,  
Leaving behind the earthy tenement.

That which I am will one day cease to be to thee a  
mystery:

Thou wilt know my secret, thou wilt know my  
power,  
But until the day marked for thee to quit the earth,  
No mortal can conceive me.

Her song finished, the queen made a sign of  
adieu to the sailor. She called to her subjects,  
who, placing on her shoulders her royal mantle  
studded with Oriental pearls, and leading up a  
coach harnessed with bright-winged butterflies,  
the band floated up above the mists of the river,  
and disappeared in the ethereal regions

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